

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907.

The Week.

The withdrawal of Senator Dryden of New Jersey from the contest for reelection has an importance rising far above his personality. It was because his claims were merely pecuniary, because his methods and those of his machine were such as to debauch and disgrace New Jersey, that the revolt set in which has now brought about the end of his public life. In many ways his defeat typifies a movement in politics which has to be reckoned with. There was, first, a protest at the polls. The State nearly went Democratic. Thousands of Republicans openly voted against their ticket because it was supposed to represent Dryden. His rebuke in his own county of Essex was emphatic. Under these circumstances a handful of Republican members of the Legislature undertook to prevent Mr. Dryden's return to the Senate. He had the party organization behind him. It was certain that he would get the caucus nomination. But six Senators and Assemblymen announced that they would not go into the caucus, nor be bound by it. Senator Everett Colby was the leading bolter. The "new idea" in Jersey politics was embodied in him. He had won a great personal victory with it in 1905; he had apparently suffered defeat with it in 1906; but his work had told. He had shown the people what even an individual with courage and directness and persistence could accomplish single-handed. It was his example which inspired the men who withstood Dryden; and his leadership which has finally triumphed in the failure of all the proud Senator's cherished ambitions. We have never had a better illustration of the downright efficiency in politics of hard and steady work, with a single worthy object in view, undertaken by men who, without surpassing talents, yet know their own minds, are not afraid, not easily tired or shaken off.

The last extension of our pension system did not cost the Government by any means so much as had been estimated. The question is whether a similar agreeable surprise is in store when the McCumber service-pension bill goes into effect. It appears certain that many thousands of veterans who might have got pensions under the old-age order refrained from doing so. Commissioner Warner estimates that one-third of the "unknown army" of 100,000 still unpensioned old soldiers will now proceed to file claims. If all came in, it would add

some \$8,000,000 to his present estimate of \$15,000,000. On the other hand, Chairman Sulloway of the House Committee does not think that more than \$6,000,000 a year will need to be charged to the account of the new law. The additional expense entailed by the measure, it should be remembered, is due rather to increases of existing pensions than additions to the roll. For instance, the sixty-two-year-old veteran who was not pensionable at all until the promulgation of Order No. 78, and the statute that embodied the same construction of "disability," will, under the proposed law, have his allowance increased at a stroke from \$6 to \$12 per month. That a general service-pension act will bring something like equilibrium in the pension system is doubtless true. Ever since the Civil War it has been the general assumption that the existing laws were only tentative, and additional steps in the direction of liberality were yet to be taken. That Senator McCumber's measure will satisfy all the veterans and stop the flood of private pension bills, however, by no means follows.

From the Postal Commission's budget of recommendations, too sweeping in their range and insufficiently fortified with facts, the House Committee, according to Chairman Overstreet's statement of Saturday, has selected the two most sensible suggestions for inclusion in this year's appropriation bill. The others will be indefinitely pigeon-holed. We are to have a six months' weighing of the mails, according to class, number of pieces, and length of haul. After it is completed, there will be some other basis than guesswork for discussions of the profit or loss in the cent-a-pound rate. Why anybody should have undertaken a revision of the rates and classification without information of exactly this sort, is one of the mysteries of officialdom. The other inquiry which Congress will authorize is into the general methods of the Post Office Department. This is also needed. If new business methods are to be adopted, we trust that one detail may be a method by which the Post Office will be credited with the work it does for the other departments of the government. The paper deficit will be made the pretext for slap-dash proposals, so long as the Post Office remains in the position of a concern whose biggest contracts have to be charged to the profit and loss account.

The predicted fight over the River and Harbor bill on the floor of the House began joyously last week. Having everything to gain and nothing to lose, the "Great Lakes to Gulf" members can con-

tend for their pet project with undivided zeal. As Representative Theodore E. Burton pointed out in his speech, the chief objection to the project is that it had been urged for only six weeks past, and in some essential features is of very doubtful practicability. As in the case of the thirty-five-foot channel to Philadelphia, it is an open question whether the desired result can be secured at any price remotely resembling a legitimate investment. Mr. Burton explained the committee's policy to be the granting of adequate appropriations for projects of certain utility, rather than the frittering away of public money on experiments and the temporary sustenance of moribund schemes. There exists to-day a long catalogue of river and harbor projects which were at one time urged upon Congress, and approved by engineers, but for which the demand has completely died out. The commercial demand for the Mississippi Valley waterway has yet to show its permanence. Evidently there still remains in Congress more than a little respect for that statesman of a bygone day who, after it had been shown to him that his cherished improvement plan was to consist in making a river flow up-hill, responded, "Only give us the appropriation, and we'll find a way to do it."

The "People's Lobby" leaps suddenly to light, exposing a committee amendment to one of this year's appropriation bills, designed to weaken the Pure Food law. It is an amendment providing that no Federal money shall be available to pay, wholly or in part, salaries or expenses of State and local officials. It is doubtless true that such a provision would knock Secretary Wilson's present plans into a cocked hat; yet Chairman Tawney's defence of the amendment is not without point. Its purpose was, he said, "to check the very apparent and growing tendency of the States to reduce or eliminate altogether their appropriations for pure-food inspection, and let the Government stand the entire expense." Coöperation between State and Federal authorities is talked about more than ever before. Does it, in fact, mean that the States are leaving all the trouble and expense to the National Government? That agitation at Washington stimulates action in the State Legislatures is well known. Not only pure food laws, but railroad-control measures, corrupt practices acts, and many other lines of legislation, were accepted by the States generally before Congress had got ready to act. But, if Mr. Tawney's opinion is backed by facts, they are disposed to be content with passing laws. The point is at least

worth attention. If the States are trying to save money by depending upon the Federal Government, they should consider that local and interstate inspections are different things. Chicago paid the penalty for neglect by having all the worst meat from the stockyards saved for the home market.

Our standpatters will do everything except come to the point. Here is Secretary Shaw telling the New Hampshire Board of Trade that what we need in this country is a "zone" into which raw materials may be imported free for the purpose of being made into goods purely for the foreign trade. This, the Secretary thinks, would enable our manufacturers to compete with foreigners; and go forth to conquer the world market. He got his idea, apparently, from the old "Zona Libre" of Mexico, though that was a very different affair. But what an innocent giving away of the whole tariff fraud this notion is! Mr. Shaw frankly confesses both that protection imposes a heavy tax upon Americans and hampers them in their manufacturing development; but what is his inference? Why, that it would be well-nigh criminal to lift the burden from our own people, but that we must resort to every trick and dodge to make life easier for foreigners. We imagine Americans would look over the fence of Mr. Shaw's "zone" with mingled emotions. They might even be prompted to tear down the fence, and get a taste themselves of those cheap goods which the Secretary would make such desperate efforts to supply to Asiatics and Europeans, though sternly forbidding his fellow-citizens to touch them.

In his recent book, "The Tariff and the Trusts," Franklin Pierce of this city has a chapter on shipping, which should be read by those who wish to get a just view of the subsidy promoters at Washington. The argument is powerfully set forth that it is really our antiquated navigation laws and the crushing effect of the protective tariff which have so nearly driven the American merchant marine from the sea. This, in fact, is admitted by the franker among the advocates of bounties. They say, The laws will not let Americans buy ships abroad, and they make the building at home artificially expensive; therefore, you must give a bounty to make up the difference. Mr. Pierce, of course, contends rather for the repeal of the barbarous shipping laws and the lifting of tariff weights off the builders of ocean-going vessels. But this is to imply that what is wanted is the getting and sailing of ships, not merely their building. Yet from the orthodox protectionist and subsidy point of view, the latter alone is contemplated. We must bend all our national energies to

"making work," not to obtaining the results of work. To construct ships is much more important than to have them when built. Nowhere does this protectionist confusion of thought appear more glaring than in the subsidy arguments; nowhere is the application of Bastiat's "sophisms" more needed.

W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central Lines, is unhappy because people do not love our railways. "I do not think," Mr. Brown writes, in a letter just made public, "you or any other man of ordinary prudence would for a moment think of investing money in a business against which every man's hand, from the President down, seems to be raised, and in the defence of which few men hoping for political preferment dare raise their voices." In order to allay this irritation, Mr. Brown would have President Roosevelt—who is our ever-present help in time of trouble—make "an appeal for fair and reasonable treatment" for the railways. Without undervaluing in the least the potency of our President's words, we suggest another remedy which we cannot but regard as more effective: that our railway managers so conduct their enterprises as to win public sympathy and support. There is no hope of peace for our railways until their managers grasp the notion that a public service corporation is not a mere private undertaking, but is a great public institution. We hardly need to remind him that within a few months his own railway has been heavily fined for giving rebates to the Sugar Trust; that discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil Company has, in one form or another, been pretty general and systematic; that Pennsylvania Railroad officials have been found guilty of gross favoritism to coal companies in which they own stock; and that Edward H. Harriman has been plunging in Wall Street with about \$50,000,000 of Union Pacific funds and the credit of the company at his back. But these violations of the law would not have provoked the anger which Mr. Brown deplores had not the mind of the public been already prepared by a long series of annoyances and injustices. It should therefore be the settled policy of a corporation, like a railway or a telegraph company, to make every possible concession to public opinion and even prejudice. There must be no room for complaints that the corporation is indifferent to the welfare or even the comfort of its patrons, no basis for charges of injustice. Mr. Brown assures us that "such abuses and hurtful practices as did exist have been stopped." If that be true, if the corporations are observing those principles of fair play which we expect from individuals, he need labor under no further apprehension; for, no matter what Presi-

dent Roosevelt or any one else may say, when the railways really deserve popular regard they will get it.

The chances for a peaceable solution of the Church controversy in France seem to be distinctly brighter; but at the same time the signs point to the probability of ministerial changes and party rearrangements before a final, complete accord. Should agreement be reached on the basis of the demands recently formulated by the bishops, it could but be regarded as a decided setback for the Government. Leases for the use of church property are to be concluded between the mayors of the municipalities and the curés for a period of eighteen years. The curés, to qualify legally, must be under the authority of the Catholic bishops, and in this manner the latter have received that official recognition which has been the great point in dispute during the entire controversy. Further, the bishops demanded, and the Government has agreed, that such contracts between the priests and the municipalities must be identical throughout the country. But how can they be made so unless the central government actually direct the mayors to give their assent, a course of action which M. Briand has promised to follow? Given, then, the assurance of uniform treatment throughout the country, with legal recognition of the hierarchy and the gratuitous restoration of the churches, are not the opponents of the Government in a position to say that the Ministry has assented to a virtual Concordat? M. Briand has, indeed, travelled far on the way towards conciliation. First, he gave the Church a Separation Law more moderate than its prime movers desired; then he gave it the benefits of the law of 1881; then he gave it the benefits of the law of 1901, and refused to close the churches in any case. Now he gives away part of the Government's contention by recognizing the Catholic bishops. Is he ambitious, as is hinted in some quarters, to succeed M. Clemenceau as the head of a Moderate coalition? Stranger political conversions have happened.

The final outcome of the elections for the German Reichstag will be in accordance with the results of the first balloting. The Socialist representation in the Reichstag will be reduced to less than fifty members. All the other parties are stronger. The Conservatives and Anti-Semites show a combined increase of about a dozen over 1903, the Liberals and various Radical parties of about fifteen, and the Centre from five to eight. Where the Emperor's great victory comes in it is hard to see. The Centre, against which the Government directed its attack, has gained fully half as many votes as the Conservative par-

ties upon whom alone the Government can depend at all times. The increase in the Liberal and Radical vote will scarcely prove an unmitigated blessing to the Government, for, even though these parties rally in supporting the Kaiser's colonial policy, they will not fail to use their augmented strength in pressing for a real Constitutional government. As for the Socialists, it is easy to exaggerate the loss they have suffered. It matters comparatively little whether fifty spokesmen or a hundred voice their discontent in the Reichstag, as long as their popular strength suffers no diminution. The fact that a party may gain 250,000 votes and lose thirty-five seats, is only an argument against an antiquated electoral system.

The course of the primary elections for the Russian Duma is being generally interpreted as indicating the final choice of a more conservative body than that which met on May 10, 1906. The Government seemingly persists to the end in its policy of manipulating the franchise laws to its own advantage. The ban on Professor Milyukoff, who sought to qualify as a tradesman franchise-holder in St. Petersburg, is the latest instance. On the other hand, it is characteristic of Russian politics during the last two years that, simultaneously with the electoral outlawing of the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, should come the removal, at least as far as Moscow is concerned, of the restrictions imposed on the right of assembly for political purposes other than revolutionary. The new Duma will be less radical than its predecessor, but that will be due more to a general drift towards the opportunistic policy of taking what one can get while fighting for more, than to the actual creation of a strong conservative party in the Duma. No amount of jugglery in political arithmetic will create a conservative Duma out of an electorate 95 per cent. radical; and that proportion, we believe, is not exaggerated.

A cartoon in *Punch* depicts Augustine Birrell as a knight returning from a fruitless quest for an Education Bill, and being sent off at once by the head of the knightly order, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on a still more forlorn pursuit of Home Rule. Mr. Birrell has certainly been entrusted with the most laborious undertakings of the Liberal Government. Scarcely has he finished a half-year of the most exhausting physical and mental exertion on behalf of the Education Bill, when he is selected for what is probably the most thankless post in the gift of the Government—that of Chief Secretary for Ireland, just vacated by James Bryce. No one who has held that position has ever satisfied the Irish; and Mr. Birrell is

also going to offend many of his countrymen when he undertakes the gigantic task of getting a Home Rule measure through Parliament. His tact, his talent for conciliation, his ability to suggest fair compromises, all mark him as the man best fitted to succeed Mr. Bryce. "The touches of humor and humanity with which he graced even the most arid debates on a technical and controversial measure have proved," says the *London Tribune*, "his possession of a magnetism and a personality which must appeal to the sensitive and imaginative temperament of the Irish people." In his new office Mr. Birrell will find his educational experience of great value, for the state of education in Ireland is admittedly shocking. He will also be in complete sympathy with Mr. Bryce's policy of interfering as little as possible with the liberty of the individual or with freedom of expression. Nor will he be afraid of an expression of the sentiments of nationality, for he must agree with Mr. Bryce that "nationality is a fine thing, which stirs people up and binds them together, even if the forms which that expression takes are not always those which we would ourselves think best."

In the address which the Hon. Richard Burton Haldane, as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, gave the other day, he advanced some ideas about the modern opportunity for educated men in public life. These, while not novel, were freshly pointed. They have to do with what has been called "unofficial statesmanship." In all countries the thing exists, but it is, we think, spreading more rapidly in the United States than elsewhere. This may be because our leisure class has been multiplying. We now have more people with time and money to devote to philanthropy and large affairs of state. It may be also that the pricking of the civic conscience is more felt. If a census could be taken of the unofficial workers and organizations that aim to supplement or correct or compel the labors of men in public office, the list would surprise people who have not looked into the matter. Scarcely one function of government can be mentioned, in connection with which some private society or association has not been formed to see that it is properly discharged. We have our prisons; and also our prison-reform associations. What would have become of civil-service reform or ballot reform or primary reform or corporation-law reform, without the large number of public-spirited citizens who have banded themselves together to work for those causes, it is impossible to say. Everywhere, behind actual Government, stands a sort of shadow Government keeping watch upon it. Beyond all question, it is a great open-

ing and appeal which many of our best see in such ways of serving the state. More and more of them are cheerfully giving thought and labor to these forms of unofficial statesmanship, which are helping to make our official statesmanship more wholesome and more effective. It is one of the methods by which the intelligent and moral classes are acquiring a sort of indirect representation in the work of administration, and are exerting a power often greater than if it were direct. There are more ways of serving the state than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the politicians.

In the English-speaking world it has not been possible to rouse more than the most languid interest in Tolstoy's minute and severe writing down of Shakespeare. Whether, as the Russian would doubtless say, out of blind national pride, and stupid clinging to a literary tradition very like a fétich, or for better reasons, these attacks have been pretty lightly dismissed, in England and the United States, as the aberrations of a man of genius. In France, however, more notice has been paid them. The countrymen of Voltaire have felt it necessary, even with all regard for the Russian alliance, to come to the rescue of the imperilled bard. In the issue of *Les Lettres* for January 15 is a whole symposium of French writers and artists on the question whether Tolstoy has made out his case. We cannot say that any of these gathered opinions seem very illuminating. Émile Faguet maintains that there is in Shakespeare much that is excellent, much that is good, much that is mediocre, and much that is bad. Hence he feels justified in asserting that he is not a victim of "the Shakespeare superstition," but he hastens to observe that neither does he give in to the Tolstoyan superstition. But it is not necessary to go on quoting. The whole tone of the symposium is not badly given in the brief letter from Ludovic Halévy:

Why attach so much importance to a *boutade* of Tolstoy's? One ought not to seek amusement in nagging great men. They are too rare; and Tolstoy is truly a great man. "War and Peace" is an extraordinary book. I have read it four or five times; and, now that you have made me think of Tolstoy, I am going to read it again.

Perhaps the best way of dropping the whole affair is to take a hint from Matthew Arnold and try to imagine what Shakespeare himself would say of such literal-minded criticism. Point out to him in the Elysian Fields that he fell into the conventions of the theatre of his day; that many of his scenes are repulsive; many of his puns execrable, and a serene smile would momentarily illumine his shade, as he would ask: "I know all that, but what does it matter?"

OUR RELATIONS WITH CANADA.

It is an open secret that Secretary Root is devoting himself to a settlement of all outstanding questions with Canada and Newfoundland. His visit to Ottawa was carefully labelled "social"; but it is sometimes hard to draw the line between diplomacy and hospitality. "Three men around a table" was Lord Salisbury's idea of diplomatic opportunity; and Mr. Root had his feet under the same mahogany with several Canadian statesmen. Whatever he may have learned from them could but reinforce the inference from many other indications, that now is the time to agree with Canada quickly, whilst we are in the way with her. The Canadian opportunity is one that, for twenty years past, American statesmen have fairly incurred reproach for neglecting; it will be a lost opportunity, if not speedily embraced.

On our side, the desire to reap advantage coöperates with the wish to avert loss, in prompting to a comprehensive adjustment of our relations with Canada. There is profit in being on good terms with such a neighbor. In New England and along the Great Lakes the hope for reciprocal trade agreements with Canada has not died out. It may be said to have been even heightened. Gov. Guild of Massachusetts has lately borne testimony to the feeling of his State. Among Massachusetts business men, he states, "I am gratified to learn that the sentiment in favor of immediate tariff revision is overwhelming." That looks chiefly northward. New England manufacturers wish free coal from Nova Scotia. They also desire that something be done to prevent their goods from being struck by the maximum rate of the pending Canadian tariff bill. Furthermore, the situation is daily growing more critical. The Newfoundland *modus vivendi* was but for a year. It is doubtful if the English Government would extend it. A new and larger and more permanent arrangement is required. Then there is the other fisheries agreement, the *modus* which has remained in force from year to year since 1888. Under it, American vessels have privileges in Canadian ports; but there is a strong feeling over the border in favor of abrogating it. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries said the other day in the Dominion House of Commons that he would not give a definite opinion whether the *modus vivendi* should be abolished.

This attitude of comparative indifference to trade with the United States is one which Canadian statesmen are more and more taking, and doing it in all sincerity. The Premier himself made a most explicit statement on the subject, a day or two before Mr. Root reached Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said to the House:

There was a time when we would have

given a great deal to have trade concessions from our American neighbors. They chose in their own way to refuse them. We have done pretty well without them, and at the present time we do not expect anything of that nature.

This is the literal truth. Canada to-day feels herself mistress in her own house as never before. She is rapidly developing a vast territory in the west. Immigration is flowing in at her doors. Her manufactures are multiplying. Exports are mounting. Canada is to-day building more railroads than the United States. Plans are afoot whereby Canadian produce can be sent abroad the year round without resorting to a single American port. There is in all this imperial as well as national politics. The net result is that we have to-day to deal with a Canada in whom the sense of pride and self-sufficiency is constantly strengthening. Canadians have thriven under our coldness. What we lost by the inconsiderate abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with them of fifty years ago cannot now be regained.

Still, there are some things which Canada frankly wants of us. She would still like a free market here for her fish. She would be glad to supply Americans with herring and cod as cheaply as Senator Lodge's smugglers do, and more honorably. Canada has also a warm interest in the sealing regulations. There, too, the United States could offer something for something. And there are, as well, a few disputes about water power, and its distribution, in rivers partially under the jurisdiction of either country, which ought to be composed, and which must enter into any complete agreement. In the same speech from which we have quoted above, the Canadian Prime Minister said:

If it were possible at this moment to settle all the differences which we have at Sault Sainte Marie River, Rainy River, Fraser River, Niagara River, and also John River, we should be doing as much as we can do for Canada in existing circumstances.

There is thus fair bargaining material; but it is not what it was ten years ago, or even five. To extract any real gain out of the situation, the United States must show a much more conciliatory disposition than in the past. We have sought to brow-beat Canada; the time has come to try to placate her. No more pressing question confronts us in the whole range of our foreign relations. It will doubtless be one of the first things taken up by Mr. Bryce with Mr. Root this month. Both men are capable of large conceptions; both know how to seek the good of their own nation in that of the other. Feeling between Great Britain—who must do the negotiating for Canada—and the United States was never more excellent. The time is ripe, therefore, for a large and generous agreement.

THE FALL IN STOCKS.

The sharp break in prices on the Stock Exchange, at a time of year when advances are usually looked for, has provoked an outburst of inquiry, conjecture, and prediction in financial circles as to what is to happen to American prosperity. These declines have been startling enough; a continuous fall of 25 points or more in the most active stocks will inevitably start surmises as to what it foreshadows outside of Wall Street. The theories called forth by this movement of the market are curiously divergent. The New York Herald has been at pains to collect opinions of various foreign financial notabilities as to whether there is or is not a "campaign against America" in progress in financial London. The experts gravely reply that nothing of the kind exists, the venerable Lord Avebury in particular declaring that "there is no jealousy or ill-feeling among the English bankers towards our fraternity in the United States."

Jacob H. Schiff of this city has given cut an interview, in which he suggests that the present state of affairs in the American market is misunderstood in Europe, and that we are merely "suffering from an excess of prosperity which is simply overwhelming us"; that our industries cannot get labor enough to meet their orders; that our railways are short of necessary equipment and facilities to do the larger business pressing on them; and that the country's banks can provide only part of the requisite working capital. This diagnosis is doubtless correct; but we cannot quite agree with the opinion that European financiers have not comprehended that part of our situation, and we do not observe in Mr. Schiff's remarks an explanation of the very point at issue—namely, the shrinkage of values.

Alexander, Gilbert, president of the New York Clearing House Association, came somewhat closer to the facts in his speech at the State Bankers' dinner last week Wednesday. Recalling the earlier days of New York banking, he remarked:

We had our periods of extraordinary business demands and our periods of great speculative activity, mostly professional then as now. But we never blamed it on the currency. We realized that the combined credit of the country could not finance phenomenal business activity and phenomenal Wall Street speculation at the same time, and it is just as true to-day as it was then.

It is even more true; for the reason that banks which provide for the needs of speculators depend for such facilities, more than at any previous time, on deposits lent them by other banks. When a great trade expansion occurs, resources of Wall Street banks not only do not enlarge correspondingly, but, as the bank statements of 1906 make plain,

they are actually reduced. During more than a year past, sober and experienced critics, both at home and abroad, have been warning Wall Street that it was trying a dangerous experiment. These warnings were based expressly on the grounds now referred to by Mr. Schiff. To what extent our experts in high finance and high speculation gave heed, the history of the last eighteen months is a witness. The Stock Exchange has within that period seen speculation for the rise on a scale of the wildest extravagance, going on in the face of deficits in bank reserves, of a 125 per cent. rate for Wall Street demand loans, and of $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7 per cent. for good merchants' paper.

For this situation we have heard various defences and apologies. One was that speculation was no more to blame for the exhaustion of capital than was trade; and that, since no one will be so absurd as to criticise trade for "booming," it is equally unreasonable to criticise speculation. Another was that, if people believe in prosperity, they will believe in a higher stock market; and if they believe in that, they will buy stocks; and that all the remonstrance in the world cannot prevent them from so using their own money. Purely as theory, there is some sense in this reasoning; but it happens not to accord with the facts. It is an open secret that the speculative operations of last spring and last autumn not only did not originate with the general public, but that such outsiders were conspicuous by their absence.

The bidding-up of prices, the "cornering" of stocks, and the resultant manipulation, were beyond question inspired and conducted by financiers of enormous personal resources and still more extensive credit. Both were apparently used to the limit. The help which insurance surpluses secretly gave in 1901 was obtained this year from at least one railway treasury, that of the Union Pacific. The expedient of increasing the Union Pacific dividend, so that at the very moment when the strain of commercial activity was severest, this "professional" speculation was again stirred up to the pitch of frenzy, can hardly have been forgotten. The immediate result was an extremely precarious condition of the money market. But our eminent speculators did not abandon their purposes; on the contrary, when the credit facilities of Wall Street approached exhaustion, recourse was had on a quite unprecedented scale to European lending institutions. With the kind coöperation of the United States Treasury, which deposited money with banks that would import gold, Wall Street borrowed huge sums from abroad. Clearly, all this could continue only so long as Europe remained complaisant, and some time ago it was evident that the "financing of Wall Street by

London" was nearing an end. What has lately been witnessed on the Stock Exchange is, we should suppose, the perfectly logical corollary to the chapter of incidents which we have just summed up.

Does the decline in stocks mean anything more? This is a question which is asked with some anxiety. It is not at all improbable that some relaxation in trade activity is at hand; the very fact that facilities of production and distribution have been so heavily overtaxed would point in that direction. With that relaxation, decline in the price of some commodities which have been lately pushed to abnormal heights, would reasonably come. The result of such readjustment always depends on the manner in which credit has been employed in trade. We are of opinion that it has been employed, as a rule, conservatively, and that the effects of the mischievous excesses of Wall Street "high finance" will for the most part be confined to Wall Street. None the less, the exploits of these powerful gamblers, unscrupulous as experience has shown them to be, both in their attitude towards finance in general and in their use of banks and corporations, subject to their control, are a grave peril to our financial stability in the future.

THE EFFECTS OF EMIGRATION ON ITALY.

The immigration problem is so insistent with us that we often forget that the countries which send us our immigrants have also this problem reversed. In Italy, for example, thoughtful men have begun to regard emigration as a national calamity, or at least as the symptom of calamitous conditions. Prof. Pasquale Villari, the most eminent living Italian historian, and a pioneer in social investigation, utters in the *Nuova Antologia* a warning which cannot fail to attract attention on both sides of the Atlantic. What does it mean, he asks, that emigration from Italy has grown from about 100,000 in 1876 to 726,000 in 1905, with no signs of diminution? It means, he replies, that Italy is confronted by an agrarian question which dates in one form or another from Roman times.

Senator Villari describes with impartiality the *pros* and *cons* of emigration. It cannot be denied that emigration brings many quick returns. Last year, for instance, Italians sent or took back to Italy savings amounting to \$80,000,000, or 400,000,000 *lire*, by which their families are enabled to live above penury, or they themselves, in the case of those who return to settle, to buy small freeholds, and build homes. The departure of superfluous laborers increases the wages of those who remain. Life abroad helps to educate those who go. These are the chief benefits.

Now for the disadvantages. In northern Italy, where the workmen migrate for six or eight months and come home to pass the winter, on the proceeds of their labor, those winter months are spent in idleness or worse. The tavern gets most of their money. Drunkenness has increased enormously, owing to the substitution of bad spirits for country wines, venereal diseases are in some places epidemic, crime abounds, and the percentage of insane from alcoholism mounts year by year. These returned emigrants are like sailors ashore after a long cruise; but whereas Jack Tar's spree may last a day or two, theirs extends over several months. The harm done to the moral standard of a community where this method of life becomes habitual need not be pointed out. Under normal conditions the Italian peasant is most industrious, patient, and frugal; emigration, by supplying him with the means of loafing and of vicious habits, threatens to undermine his excellent qualities. Moreover, under the best circumstances, it breaks up family life and loosens ties which should be a man's hostages to virtue.

But the great torrent of emigration pours, not from the North, but from the South, and Southern Italy offers special problems—historical, economic, governmental, and social—of which emigration is an alarming symptom. Until recently the Southern Italian did not emigrate; some said he was too lazy, others that he was too servile from long maltreatment. But about ten years ago the annual emigration from the South rose to 82,335; in 1905 it had more than trebled, and last year the number was probably 250,000. Whole districts have been depopulated; at Marsico Nuovo 6,000 out of 11,600 have gone, at Pignola 3,900 out of 6,400. Villages are deserted, or remain with only their old men, women, and children. Farms lie idle. The very community which not long since was on the verge of starvation from having too many mouths to feed, now runs a similar risk from not having hands to till its fields. In 1901 throughout Italy it was estimated that 9.10 per cent. of the families lacked their head, either through death or emigration; in the Basilicata the percentage was 22.7 and in Calabria 29.1; to-day the proportion for the latter provinces must be much larger. It is to be noted, further, that the proportion of emigrants who return (estimated at 40 per cent.) is decreasing. Few come back even now from Argentina, and as the recent swarms get a foothold in the United States, it may be expected that few of them will care to return for good to Naples or Sicily. Meanwhile, philanthropic organizations in Northern Italy are actually considering the feasibility of sending colonists to the deserted or undermanned sections in the South.

Senator Villari recognizes that for the

present emigration is a necessary evil; men must eat or die. He shows that the Southern Question which confronts Italy and is the source of the depleting emigration cannot be solved quickly. The real solution will involve a complete change of civilization, a change in which material and moral remedies must be equally applied. Southern Italy lacks coal and iron and waterpower. Of these necessities, the last can be procured by a wise storage of rainfall. Agriculture, which in some parts is still carried on by the methods and tools with which Virgil was familiar, must be modernized. Irrigation must be carried out on a large scale. Industries must be introduced. But all this requires capital—capital guided by intelligence and enterprise and public spirit—qualities which Southern Italian magnates have never possessed.

And while the material basis of economic health is being supplied, so that no inhabitant need emigrate because of hunger, the moral conditions must be improved. From time immemorial the Italian peasant has been neglected. The artisan class, the bourgeoisie, the clergy, the aristocracy, have had their periods of abundant life; but the *contadini* have always been left out in the cold. Says Senator Villari:

They feel this abandonment; they know that everywhere else they find better compensation for the work of their hands, and they abandon a country which for them has always been a step-mother rather than a mother. . . . At the Simplon I asked some of them who came there in search of work, "Do you love Italy?" They replied, laughing, as if I were speaking of some person unknown to them, "Our Italy is whoever feeds us."

"Our Italy is whoever feeds us." There is a sentiment which offers grave problems to European statesmen. With emigration as easy as it is now, we have reached that point of free competition in the world's market for labor which some economists have urged as the ideal condition. If America offers a greater return—in money, comforts of life, advantages of education, social position, political rights—to America men will come. The country which does not wish to be drained of its best must offer some of the attractions which America holds out. For Italy the hopeful feature is that the King and Government are alive to the danger; and that leaders like Senator Villari are agitating for a remedy. Perhaps also we should add, as a sign of hope, that they see that no superficial palliative will suffice, but only a fundamental reorganization of social and economic conditions. The penny-wise might argue that a process which brought \$80,000,000 a year into Italy must be good. But Senator Villari knows that a nation's most valuable asset is the character of its people. Emigration is

bleeding Italy of her best agricultural blood—of something not to be valued in *lire* or in dollars. If only the dregs of her peasantry be left, what shall the tribute of her emigrants profit her? And the distress which threatens Italy must also sooner or later press for relief in Austria and every country which is now swelling the flood from the Old World. Here is a force which, though silent, is irresistibly moving toward social and industrial reform in Southern Europe.

THE ARTIFICIAL PAGAN.

When "Salome" came to town two weeks ago there were not wanting critics who spoke of the "pagan" spirit that animated Wilde's play and Richard Strauss's musical commentary upon it. This was only an illustration of the prevailing tendency to saddle upon the ancients the vagaries of our own times. The pagans, with few exceptions, are dead and cannot defend themselves. If they could speak they would probably protest against being made stalking-horses for modern attacks on established standards of thought and modes of life. They might argue against the assumption that what is anti-Christian was necessarily ante-Christian, or that Théophile Gautier's views of the end of life were their own. "Because a man says things that are not tolerated in good society among you, he is not necessarily a pagan," would run the complaint. "You might as well call one a pagan who does not like automobiles or prefers writing letters to telephoning. We were a simple folk and quite incapable of nourishing your twentieth-century disenchantments. Please leave us alone."

It is dwelling on an elementary truth to point out the error that we are constantly falling into of reconstructing past ages or constructing future worlds entirely after our own spiritual image. Jack London offered a striking instance of this in his "Sea Wolf" some years ago, when he set himself the task of creating a Nietzschean superman. "He followed all the master's specifications. He made his hero blond and he made him a beast. Everything else was quite as it should be with the ordinary superman of commerce—splendid human beauty, superhuman physical strength and agility, sardonic humor, and a conscious hatred for all the commandments that ever held on either side of Suez. The result was, to say the least, unconvincing. Wolf Larsen was not only a blond beast who destroyed everything in the way of his appetite, but he had read Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and, what is worse, quoted them constantly. He was a superman, he knew it, and he would not let the reader forget it. When he cut your throat, for instance, he would be likely to tell you just how much of mechanical reflex motion, conscious cerebro-motor desire, and atav-

istic impulse entered into the act. How poor Nietzsche would have spurned this imitation *Uebermensch*, who was only a combined football centre and biologist running amuck! Possibly, Nietzsche would have disdained even to point out that his superman would have no conscience, no philosophy, no introspection; that he was one of the fair-haired barbarians who broke into Italy under Radagaisus, and that when he did cut throats, he would do it as instinctively as the butcher fells his victim or the automobilist his prey.

Our carefully constructed modern "paganism" lifts its head and roars aloud in George Moore's latest book, the "Memoirs of My Dead Life." With the work as a whole there is no need to deal here, except to say that in his preface, which assumes the form of an *apologia*, Mr. Moore destroys Christianity and the family, and substitutes for the Bible Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin." In the series of autobiographic tales which follow he advances some constructive ideas of his own. We may take two incidents from the latter to illustrate his conception of heathenistic thought. In a Paris restaurant the author comes across a fellow-countrywoman, an Irish waitress, who is visibly dying with consumption and who stirs him to pity. So much so that he goes home and writes a poem to her which, of course, is not sent, and in which he tells her how much he would like to take her away to some warm clime where—what? Where the sight of her wasting away should stir him to tender pity and induce him to melancholy thought, where he might carry her to the window day by day and feel her lighter in his arms, and where he might lay her to rest finally under the sod and drop a gentle tear upon the fresh soil—and presumably go call on another young lady.

It is open to doubt whether Alcibiades would have found much taste in that particular draught of pleasure, or whether he would have taken to the ideal daily life of a Parisian friend of Moore's, which is described with some detail in another part of the book. This friend rises at noon-time and lingers over his breakfast till late in the afternoon, sipping at many cordials and talking with friends also sipping cordials. At four or five o'clock this Parisian journalist gets to work on his daily article, and is through before dinner. After dinner he takes his article to the newspaper office, waits to correct his proofs, and then away to the lights of the boulevard and to life. Thence, as Pepys would say, home, about four o'clock A. M., and so to bed. This certainly is not the life most of us lead who must work somewhat more than two hours a day; but, certainly, too, it is not the life the average pagan led two thousand years ago. Mr. Moore's friend somehow impresses us as flabby with good living

and lack of the open air and exercise. His friends were undoubtedly fellow "artists," and their chief topics of interest, shop and sex. Our genuine pagan, on the other hand, was a busy man, and a good all-round man. He worked at his trade, he acted as a legislator and a jurymen, he took part in the festivals and theatrical representations, he carried his shield stoutly when war broke out with the neighboring city, he could run, dance, sing, wrestle in the palaestra, deliver a pretty good oration, and do a number of other things that kept him out of much of the foolishness that our modern "pagans" would erect into a system. He ate garlic and millet, and did not suffer from neurasthenia. Life in Latium was not life in the Latin Quarter.

STATUS OF GENRE PAINTING.

An inspection of the current art exhibitions would show *genre* painting almost completely in abeyance, and the void would be quite as noticeable in Paris or Munich as in New York. London alone would suggest that this kind still has life—and were better dead. Such American painters as Mount and Eastman Johnson, who had an eye for the characteristic in our life and a hand to present it with charm, have hardly left successors. In France the late Alfred Stevens seemed the last great "little master," though the kitchens of Joseph Bail, the laundries of Degas, and certain decorations of Albert Besnard, which are really glorified *genre*, prove that the style still has vitality there. But in general the painting of scenes of everyday life is not merely neglected, but discredited. A delightful form of art has fallen unduly under the scorn visited upon all anecdotal compositions.

The causes of this obscurity are not far to seek. Classicism merely tolerated *genre* as an inferior form. Jan Steen was vulgar, and so were the Bible subjects of Rembrandt. Among old-fashioned folk this conviction still holds. We have heard a charming old lady before a sunny canvas of Henri Martin, peopled with ruddy haymakers, observe, "Comme c'est vulgaire!" Not classicism, however, but romanticism, dealt familiar painting its death-blow. Since Géricault, Delacroix, and the landscapists of the thirties, it has been imperative that painting should be imaginative. Now the easiest way to be imaginative is to be exotic; and as a matter of fact for nearly two generations painters have deliberately devoted themselves to the unfamiliar. The search for the overtly picturesque has led from Polynesia to Finisterre. Orientalism has been the extreme phase of the movement that has also inspired the numberless illustrations of peasant life. Landscape has not escaped the roman-

tic glamour, the country being exotic to the town-dwellers. Even the so-called realist movement has been merely a bastard romanticism. Its subjects have been almost without exception *outré*; its appeal has been not to experience, but to surprise or shock.

It was, after all, easy to stifle an art in its dotage. When one considers the gulf between Hogarth and Wilkie, and the abyss between the latter and the Royal Academy of this year of grace, it is clear why the English-speaking world, at least its intelligent minority, should hold *genre* painting in contempt. And yet in the past it has not connoted tiresomely painted cross-sections of stupidly observed life. It has given scope to the exquisite genius of a Vermeer of Delft and a Chardin, it has engrossed the more robust temperaments of a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Manet, and a Daumier. In the decorative painting of the Italian Renaissance it has left a record of entrancing playfulness. Evidently, it is a sort of art not lightly to be put aside, especially if its decadence has not been inevitable, but simply the fault of a century of incapable practitioners. As a matter of fact, it has merely sunk with all the other arts and handicrafts that were not caught up by the ground swell of romanticism. Thus the rehabilitation of *genre* painting becomes, like that of architecture or textile design, for example, solely a question of loving, sensitive, and intelligent practice.

That *genre* painting should be revived hardly needs argument. If only to open the eyes of our generation to the beauty that lies at its door, if only to leave some worthy memory of our walk and conversation to posterity, we need the interpreter of everyday life. Our anecdotal need not be handed down; it will surely become stale before we are gone; but the look of our streets and interiors is as worthy of commemoration as the little salons of old Amsterdam or the piazzas of old Florence. What stands in the way is the cheapness and prevalence of photography, which gives merely the data, falsifying the impression of the times, and even more the surfeit of illustrations, superficial and mannered, which seem to be the record we wish, but are actually nothing of the kind. For seventeenth-century Holland we may consult Hals, Terburg, Jan Steen, the Ostades, Metsu, and a score of others. For nineteenth-century America our grandchildren will consult the files of the magazines. The difference speaks for itself.

Happily, there are suggestions of a revival of this homely art, and paradoxically enough, it is the impressionists who bear the gifts. It is the followers of Manet and Monet, who profess an entirely impersonal devotion to problems of light, that are actually producing as if incidentally the best *genre*

painting. At home one may recall Childe Hassam's occasional excursions in this field, Tarbell's transcripts of country-house and studio life, the fresh and vivid impressions of New York streets by Glackens, John Sloan, and George Luks. Good *genre* is rarely brusque; it desires a quiet relish of the human comedy. Truly in the great tradition of *genre* seem to us Jerome Myers's visions of our slums. Here is the brooding quality that constitutes the dignity of a homely art: here is the balance between personal interests and play of chromatic light and shade, that one notes in the sober products of the Dutch school. One may observe also in the so-called "intimists" in France—the latest offshoot of impressionism—an approach to the mood of true *genre*, though they all make, for our purpose, an exaggerated use of artistic mystery. An intimist crossed with a well-trained but open-minded realist should make pretty nearly the ideal recorder of our times. But there will be rather little encouragement for such a person so long as half-trained and over-refined people unite in an equally benighted indifference to one of the most engaging and satisfying forms of graphic design. Especially, we must first be delivered from the tyranny of the belated and inexorable romanticists.

THE ANTHOLOGY.

I.

It is true, as others have already pointed out, that Dr. Mackail in reëditing his volume of "Select Epigrams"* has failed to take advantage of the labors of certain German scholars during the intervening sixteen years,† and has thus missed the proper historical perspective in his Introduction. And this is regrettable, since such omissions leave the reader with a feeling of uneasiness even where the purpose of a book makes the neglected points of slight significance. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mackail's volume is one of the few really excellent works of English (or, one may add, European) scholarship dealing with the classics as a human production. Here in brief compass, and with suitable aids to comprehension, one has the substance of a whole fascinating literature; just to have rendered the epigrams so closely, yet with such unflinching charm, was alone a notable achievement. Still more signal is the accuracy with which he has selected what was essential in the great bulk of traditional matter, so as to leave in the end the impression of something closed and complete in itself. Exigencies of modern taste compelled him to omit the more characteristic epigrams of Strato's "Musa Puerilis," as well as the too passionate and luxuriant numbers of Rufinus, which might seem to form an integral part of the Anthology;

*"Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," edited with revised text, translation, introduction, and notes, by J. W. Mackail, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1906. The first edition appeared in 1890.

†The most important work has been done by R. Reitzenstein, whose "Epigramm und Skolion" (Giessen, 1893) I have drawn upon in this essay.

but a little reflection will show that these ardors of the flesh are almost as foreign to the heart of that literature as would be the more classical elevation of mind. If he has erred, it has been in the pardonable direction of hospitality. It would be hard to blame the maker of any anthology for including the perfect epitaphs of Simonides, and one can understand the temptation which led him to increase the number of those in his new edition. And yet I am not sure whether the artistic harmony of the book is not a little marred by such lines as these "On the Defenders of Tegea":

Through these men's valor the smoke of the burning of wide-floored Tegea went not up to heaven, who chose to leave the city glad and free to their children, and themselves to die in the forefront of battle;

whether, if anything were to be added to the section of "Epitaphs," that town of Arcady could not have furnished a more fitting example in the verses by its poetess, Anyte:

No bridal chamber for thee, nor pride of marriage—but above this marble tomb thy mother has raised a virgin figure, having thy stature and form, O Thersis; so can she speak to thee, even dead.

For it cannot be stated too strongly that the real Anthology is something far removed from the classic poetry of Greece, something in which the note of the fifth century sounds as a sharp intrusion. Echoes of the older poets there are, of course—Homeric epithets and evident reminiscences of Lesbos and Teos. And, strange as it may seem, Plato on one of his sides comes closer to the spirit of the Anthology than does any other of the great writers, so much so that the transition from the opening scenes of the "Phædrus" to some of the epigrams in Dr. Mackail's section of "Nature" demands only a slight readjustment of the mind. But the resemblance is momentary, and always the graceful dallying of Plato is the balancing of himself, so to speak, for a plunge into the depths. His conception of love and beauty that follows in this same dialogue is as widely remote from the human indulgence of the pseudo-Plato of the Epigrams as, to make another comparison, Eros, the subduer, of the true Anacreon is different from the mischievous boy-Eros of the Anacreontica.

II.

These superficial resemblances merely serve to emphasize the contrast between the gravity (the *σπουδαίτης* one might say, had not the word been vulgarized since Matthew Arnold's day) of the genuine Greek literature, and the lightness, often triviality, of what supplanted it. For this fresh flowering of wit is not so much a continuation of the old schools of poetry, as a new *genre* sprung from the coalescing of two modes of expression very characteristic of Hellenic life, but hitherto kept in a subordinate place. From an early date it had been the custom to enliven the drinking part of a dinner with the rivalry of song. There were regular rules for the sport. A subject was proposed, perhaps the lines of some well-known poet quoted, and then each man in turn had to display his ingenuity. The other form of verse was the epigram, or actual inscription, whether it were the brief commemoration on stone of the dead or some prayer or word of thanksgiving to the gods set up with a gift or statue in a temple. Great poets did not

disdain to exercise their art in this way, and a few of the genuine epigrams of Simonides and his rivals from the fifth century are as perfect as any work of human wit can be. Brevity, dignity, and a certain rounded completeness were the essential qualities of such writing; and the elegiac couplet soon proved itself the inevitable medium. At an early date collections of inscriptions were made, and the forger followed in the field. From publishing spurious verses under the name of Simonides or another, it was an easy step to turn the epigram into an avowed form of literary expression.

Meanwhile, this trick of composing imaginary inscriptions made its way to the banquet hall. It introduced a new kind of lure to name some one of the illustrious dead, and then call on each guest to compose a suitable epitaph; for death in those days, as always, had its poignant appeal for a reflective Epicureanism. "Drink, for once dead you never shall return," is a refrain as new as it is old; and love?—

When I am gone, Cleobulus—for what avails? cast among the fire of young loves, I lie a brand in the ashes—I pray thee make the burial-urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it under earth, and write on it, "Love's gift to Death."

From such an example it is easy to see how the epitaph could merge with the erotic elegies which had been sung at the table. The two subjects flowed together naturally; and even where this did not occur, the peculiar form of the inscription imposed itself upon the elegy. From this contact came the epigram as we have it in the Anthology—a brief poem in elegiac metre, written for the most part in the closet, but with something of the point and self-sufficiency of the actual engraving on stone, combined with the zest and flavor of the banquet. It might take the form of an epitaph; it might, as the supposed accompaniment of a temple-gift, sum up some experience of life; it might, as the inscription of a statue, invite to repose by the wayside; again, freeing itself from these restrictions, it might merely philosophize on the vanity of things or play with the passions. It was distinctly a new *genre*, having well-defined rules and suited to the spirit of the disenchanting centuries after the political fall of Greece.

III.

The beginnings of the epigram as a recognized literary kind has been traced back to two poets, the founders of the Doric, or Peloponnesian, and the Ionian schools. Of the first of these, Anyte of Tegea, little is known. She was, apparently, a younger contemporary of Theocritus (the fact is important, considering the character of their inspiration), and about 300 B. C. published a book of epigrams which were much imitated in later ages. Meleager opens his garland of poets with the "many lilies of Anyte," and to another epigrammatist she was the "female Homer." There had existed for some time in Arcadia a school of bucolic poetry, largely, it may be supposed, of a popular sort ("soli cantare periti Arcades," says Virgil), in which the rustic gods, Pan and Hermes, and the nymphs played an important rôle. So far as is known, Anyte was the first to express this spirit of homely pastoral life in elegiac couplets. Only a handful of her poems have

been preserved, but they are sufficient to show the exquisite transparency and delicate finish of her work. Some of them are on the humblest themes, such as this supposed inscription for a shepherd's crook, or pipe, or ivy cup:

To bristly Pan and the Nymphs of the farm-yard Theodotus the shepherd lays this gift under the crag, because they stayed him when very weary under the parching summer, holding out to him honey-sweet water in their hands.

Others are mottoes, actual or imaginary, for fountains and statues:

I, Hermes, stand here by the windy orchard in the cross-ways nigh the gray sea-shore, giving rest on the way to wearied men; and the fountain wells forth cold stainless water;

or this, perhaps the most radiant of all the pictures in the Anthology:

This is the Cyprian's ground, since it was her pleasure ever to look from land on the shining sea, that she may give fulfilment of their voyage to sailors; and around the deep trembles, gazing on her bright image.

The gods of the fields and the sea in these epigrams prevail over those of the cup. For the wanton muse of *Wein und Weib* we must turn to the Ionian Asclepiades of Samos, whose singing, according to Theocritus, was as high above his own as the locust surpasses a frog in sweetness. Others before him, we may believe, had reduced the love-elegy to the brevity and turn of an epigram, but he first, it appears, developed these banquet verses into a conscious literary *genre*. His themes were those that are so familiar to us in the erotic poets of Rome who copied the Alexandrine school. There is the lover at the closed door of his beloved, the *paraklausithyron*, which, in the imitation of Tibullus, contains one of the most romantic lines of Latin poetry: "En ego cum tenebris tota vagor anxius urbe"; there is the appeal to the night-lamp, whose repetition continues down to the elegy of André Chénier:

Et toi, lampe nocturne, astre cher à l'amour,
Sur le marbre posée, O toi! qui, jusqu'au jour,
De ta prison de verre éclairais nos tendresses,
C'est toi qui fus témoin de ses douces promesses.

The gist of it all is in two perfect quatrains of Asclepiades himself:

Sweet is snow in summer for one athirst to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the Crown of spring; but most sweet when one cloak hides two lovers, and the praise of Love is told by both;

and,

Let us drink an unmixed draught of wine; dawn is an handbreadth; are we waiting to see the bedtime lamp once again? Let us drink merrily; after no long time yet, O luckless one, we shall sleep through the long night. [The words of Catullus: "Nox est perpetua una dormienda."]

From these two singers of Arcadia and of Samos and, of course, from other contributory sources proceeded a great body of epigrammatic literature, continuing well down into the Byzantine Empire. Some of the writers were poets of fame, such as Callimachus and Philetas; some hid their obscurity under the forged names of Plato or another; others were grammarians, or philosophers, or men of the world—courtiers, perhaps, who took this method of summing up, half-seriously and half-jocosely, the disillusion of years. Many came from Asia, and were in no true sense of the word Greeks at all. In the first century before Christ, one of these writers,

Meleager, who was born at Gadara (Ramoth-Gilead) of Northern Palestine, made a selected anthology of this literature so far as it already existed, adding a number of elegiac quotations from the older classical poets. Successive editors altered and enlarged the collection, until the Anthology, as we now have it with its thousands of epigrams, was formed in the late Middle Ages by scholars of Constantinople.

IV.

Naturally, the work of so many men during so many centuries comprises a variety of styles and ways of looking at life; yet the impression of the whole, especially when so sympathetic a critic as Dr. Mackail has eliminated the superfluous, is singularly consistent. Beneath the ever-changing play of sentiment run two qualities, two ideas, that give the Anthology its special flavor—the sense of transitoriness and a certain indescribable kindness or friendliness of spirit. There was in all these poets an unusual age-consciousness; the glory of Greece was behind them, and they wrote in a kind of twilight, awaiting the night. The past is always an insistent reality with men of imagination; its influence was incalculably strong in the most fervid periods of Greek creation; but in the later pagan world it was present in a way almost incomprehensible to us. To one sailing in the Aegean Sea how many monuments of former greatness spoke on every coast—famous cities reduced to villages, proud states fallen into subservience, memories of stirring battles. The temples were spoiled of their treasures, yet enough remained to show the nobility of an art now forever lost; the old plays were still produced on the stage, but they served only to mock the sterility of the present. These poets of the late Hellenic world were still in a way members of the ancient civilization, they spoke the same language and worshipped, or named, the same gods; but what a gulf of impassable experience lay between them and their ancestors. It is not strange that the shadow of transitoriness enveloped all their thoughts. That feeling, of course, is universal to mankind and is never long absent from poetry, but in the Anthology it has a tone and pathos all its own. Homer felt it when he put those great words into the mouth of one of his heroes: "Ah, friend, if once escaped this battle we were evermore to be ageless and deathless"; but then follows the Homeric conclusion: "Now let us go forward, whether we shall give glory to another man, or he to us." The feeling is latent in the epigrams of Simonides on those who perished in the Persian war, as in the two lines over the Spartan tomb at Thermopylae: "O passer-by, tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here obeying their orders"—but with it what endurance of duty! The difference in the epigrams is all in the moral. The will has been loosened and the foreboding of brevity leads not to greater resolve, but to relaxation; and in the same way, in place of the boast of immortality through duty performed—the "praise that grows not old"—comes the call to pleasure and ease.

You may say that the conclusion, too, is common to a large body of poetry outside of the Anthology. So doubtless it is. You will find it, to go far back to the seventh century, in the elegies of Mimnermus; it is the

philosophy of Horace and, through him, of men of the world generally. Yet, if one reads these poets and the epigrammatists side by side, one catches a difference of note and emphasis, a something that sets the two classes wide apart. Perhaps it is the suspicion of weariness in the diction of the epigrams that renders them so distinct from Mimnermus, while they lack that final adjustment of language which makes of Horace's most questionable Epicureanism almost a lesson in austerity. Only one who reads in the original will quite understand such a distinction; but there are other differences that inhere in the substance of the epigrams. One feels that to these later moralists their very skepticism is something old and long-ago experienced, and that so it assumes with them a tone of badinage even when most mocking and bitter. It is as if some one at the banquet table, when the wit flagged, forgot himself so far as to speak solemnly of the end of things, and another were to rebuke him lightly:

All life is a stage and a game; either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains.

(Is it accident that the very word "seriousness," *σπουδή*, is that which is naturally applied to the classic literature of Greece, while game, *παίγνιον*, was the technical term for these later expressions of wit?) And then another after another of the guests takes up the challenge, until one ends with this *reductio ad absurdum*:

All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is.

And yet not quite the end. Not laughter, but silence, awaited that world finally, as it awaited the banqueters.

Thou talkest much, O man, and thou art laid in earth after a little; keep silence, and while thou yet livest, meditate on death.

V.

For the spirit of resignation lies beneath all this laughter and incentive to joy. One is struck by the repetition here and there of the great motto of ancient Greece: *Think as a mortal*; and by the change in its meaning. The words are no longer, as they were in Pindar and Æschylus, and even in Demosthenes, a warning against the insolent pride, or *hybris*, that would storm the heavens, but a plea for ease: "Haste not, toil not; as thou canst, give, share, consume; think as a mortal." This humanity is merely an aspect of that accepted comfort of littleness which forms the compensation for the too clear perception of mutability. One feels this most strongly in the section of the Anthology headed "Religion," for the very gods have shrunk in their dimensions, like the desires and ambitions of their worshippers. "Small to see am I Priapus who inhabit this spit of shore," begins one of the epigrams, and another, which Dr. Mackail entitles "Fortuna Parvulorum," is still more pathetic in its humility:

Even me the little god of small things if thou call upon in due season thou shalt find; but ask not for great things; since whatsoever a god of the commons can give to a laboring man of this I, Tycho, have control.

To me there is something divinely tender in this little god of small things, this turning from Olympus, so far away, to one of the

di minorum gentium, and in this ask not for great things.

This is the cry that runs all through the Anthology; but the one thing passionately desired and prayed for, the one seemingly small boon, was beyond the giving of the great or the little gods. No wish is repeated so continually by these poets as the longing for remembrance. All things are fleeting; nothing is our own, not even this spark of life which is owed to Death; but, Oh, grant that after our going some interposition of human memory come between us and utter obliteration. That longing is common, a commonplace, if you will. The heroes of the Iliad felt it in the underworld; and the pains of the lost in Dante's Inferno are pointed by the dread of being forgotten among the living. But the desire in this fading pagan world is something different from these. The braving of forgetfulness or the prayer for remembrance lies naturally at the heart of this literature, which springs from the epitaph and the inscription. It is not only that the dead cry to the living to be kept from oblivion, but the living themselves beg a place in the thought of strangers and passers-by. "Sit beneath the poplars here, wayfarer, when thou art weary," runs the writing on a wayside tomb, "and drawing nigh drink of our spring; and even far away remember the fountain that Simus sets by the side of Gillus, his dead child."

In the end that comfort of little things and this craving to be remembered are but signs of the coming together of the sense of transitoriness and the spirit of kindness, which mark the character of this whole literature. Kindness—yes, if any one word can convey the innermost quality of these epigrams, it is that. They are kindly in many subtle ways. Personal friendship is celebrated warmly enough, as in that well-known epigram of Callimachus:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take—

But more than this is the subtle friendliness with the world at large that pervades almost the whole Anthology. It extends to the gods, who are very near to help, as a human friend would be. It explains the "charm of nature" (the words actually occur in one of the epigrams) felt by these writers in the protected valleys and wayside fountains, as it exaggerates their disease at the salt, estranging sea. Among men the feeling is fostered both by prosperity and misfortune. Does the sailor accomplish a safe voyage? Forthwith he records his thankfulness at some shrine of Poseidon, with a prayer for general mercy: "Holy Spirit of the great Shaker of Earth, be thou gracious to others also." Does he perish by the way? Some stranger or comrade buries him with an inscription which speaks at once his desire of remembrance and his good-will toward others: "Well be with you, O mariners, both at sea and on

land; but know that you pass by the grave of a shipwrecked man."

It is not possible here to follow this note of kindness through all its obvious and hidden manifestations. There is nothing quite like it, I believe, to be found anywhere else, and more than any other quality it lends to the epigrams a beautiful and unique distinction. Its gentleness does not belong to the great pagan world, and might remind one rather of the new spirit of Christianity. So, when one reads the call to rest of Hermes to those "whose knees are tired with heavy toil," the temptation is strong to compare it with the words of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." But the similarity, it need not be said, is fallacious. There is no new-born faith underlying the mercy and friendliness of the Anthology, nor any touch of the mysticism, such as that in the Rubaiyat, which makes the whole world kin—and kind. The spirit is here rather the last offspring of skepticism, the brotherhood of those who have cut off the long hope and must find their comfort together and in the way of small things. But it must not be therefore inferred that the impression left by the Anthology is one of moroseness or despondency. Occasionally the word of bitterness escapes, or a phrase of less jocular satire; but these are quickly repressed as errors of taste against the occasion. Something of this is due to the origin of the epigram, but something also to the recollection of the great civilization of which these men were still the disinherited heirs. "Though thy life be fixed in one seat," writes an epigrammatist of the age of Augustus, "and thou sailest not the sea nor treadest the roads on dry land, yet by all means go to Attica that thou mayest see those great nights of the worship of Demeter; whereby thou shalt possess thy soul without care among the living, and lighter when thou must go to the place that awaiteth all." These poets, whose names for the most part mean so little to us, had partaken in memory of the *great nights* of Hellas, and their soul was made lighter thereby for the descending path.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The *Nation* of January 24 contained a brief note to the effect that Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London would offer at auction early in the spring a small but choice collection of books, made by a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Various details in regard to this library have been published in England and America, but most of these accounts have been inaccurate. The sale will be held in March. The collector is William C. Van Antwerp, whose aim has been to gather a library of not more than 200 volumes, which, as a whole, should be illustrative of English literature from Caxton to Tennyson. Every book should be notable from the point of view of literature, history, or association; should be a first-class rarity, and the best specimen procurable.

From such a collection it is not easy to make a selection for special mention. The four volumes, however, which stand pre-eminent are, perhaps, the First Folio

Shakespeare, the first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," the Kilmarnock Burns, and Hawthorne's copy of the rare Boston edition of Hubbard's *Indian Wars*. The First Folio is the Rowfant copy, a fraction more than thirteen inches in height, and with every leaf genuine. For size, perfection, and soundness it is probably surpassed by not more than three existing copies of this most valuable of all printed books. Of the forty-three copies placed by Sidney Lee in his Class I., twelve only are thirteen inches or more in height. The MacGeorge copy, for which Marsden J. Perry of Providence paid, according to Sidney Lee's estimate, "some gigantic sum not less than £6,000," measures only 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches in height. The first edition of Walton's "Angler," 1653, is also the Rowfant copy, one of the finest extant, in the original sheep binding, and with leaves as crisp and clean as when issued. The extreme rarity and the poor condition of most copies may be accounted for by supposing that the book was carried in the pocket to be read by patient fishermen by the streamside. The Kilmarnock Burns, that first edition of Burns's poems, published at Kilmarnock by John Wilson, 1786, is equally notable for condition, being nine inches by six, in the original blue paper covers, and entirely uncut. Not more than two other copies in this condition are known. The Burns Cottage Association at Ayr, Scotland, paid £1,000 in 1903 for a copy in similar condition, though probably somewhat inferior.

The fourth book mentioned above, Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," was published in 1677 by Boston's first printer, John Foster. The work in itself is very rare and valuable, especially with the genuine "Map of New England, being the first that ever was here cut," but the evidences of former ownership in the Van Antwerp copy make it a great treasure. The volume was the property of the Hawthorne family of Salem for more than two hundred and twenty-five years. It contains the autograph of the first immigrant of the name, "William Hawthorne, Senior, his booke, 1677." There are autographs of William's son, the "witch-judge," John Hawthorne; and of half a dozen other members of the family in different generations. The autograph of Nathaniel Hawthorne appears in four places. On the blank leaf, which completes signature "n," he has written:

Nathl Hawthorne's Book,
given him by his Kinswoman,
Miss Susan Ingersoll. 1838.

Of early printed books Van Antwerp owns two Caxtons: Cicero's "Of Old Age and Friendship," 1481, the Rowfant copy; and the "Chronicles of England," 1482, the Bryan Fairfax and Osterley Park copy. The "Vitae Patrum," translated by Caxton and printed by Wynken de Worde, 1495; Higden's "Polychronicon," also 1495; Voragine's "Golden Legend," 1527; "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," 1528, are large books from the press of Wynken de Worde. Besides these there are two little books, "Stella Clericorum," 1531, and "Cura Clericalis," 1532, both stitched and unbound as issued. A fragment of the "Stella Clericorum" in the University Library at Cambridge is the only other copy of either that is now traceable. Of books printed by Richard

Pynson, there are three: "The Siege of Troy," 1513, and "The Fall of Princes," 1527, both translated by John Lydgate; and the first edition of Alexander Barclay's "Ship of Fools," 1509. The "Ship of Fools" lacks fifteen leaves. The "Golden Legend," printed by Julian Notary, 1503, is one of five known copies.

As fitting companions to the First Folio, there are exceptionally fine copies of the other three folios. The Second Folio, formerly the property of the Rev. John Lucy, has the rare Aspley imprint. The Second Folio was, it will be remembered, printed by Thomas Cotes for five different booksellers, each sharing the expense and each having his sole name on the title-page of his portion of the edition. Robert Allot seems to have had the largest interest. Probably four out of five copies that come upon the market have his name. The other sharers in the edition were John Smethwicke, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and William Aspley. While good copies with the Allot imprint sell frequently for from £100 to £200, a copy with the Hawkins imprint sold in 1903 for £850, and one with the Smethwicke imprint in 1902 for £690. The late Halliwell-Phillips said of the Aspley imprint:

It was remarked by Malone, and more recently by Boaden, that, after more than half a century's experience and observation, they had never seen but one copy with the name of Aspley on the title. Aspley's edition is indeed of such extraordinary rarity that few persons, even among those especially interested in Shakespearean bibliography, have ever been able to see it.

Though the Third Folio contains the seven additional plays, it has also the rare title, dated 1663, without the names of the "seven plays never before printed in folio," and the leaf containing only Ben Jonson's verses, both of which were suppressed and cut out of almost all copies when the title, dated 1664, was printed. The new 1664 title, as well as its companion leaf, containing the portrait by Droeshout with the Jonson verses below it, is also in this copy. Besides the folios there is an unusual series of the quartos: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "King Lear," 1608; "Henry V.," 1608; "The Whole Contention" and "Pericles," 1619; "The Taming of the Shrew," 1631; "Romeo and Juliet," 1637; "Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634; and "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600. "The Rape of Lucrece," the rare 1624 edition, was Narcissus Luttrell's copy, with his initials and the price he paid for the book (four pence!) written on the title. The McKee copy, with the printer's mark and imprint cut from the title and restored, brought \$1,925 at Anderson's in 1901. The "Poems" of 1640 is the Rowfant copy, with a fine impression of the rare portrait by Marshall.

Mr. Van Antwerp's copy of the second edition of Chaucer, 1542, is probably the finest known. It measures 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 9-16 inches, and may be called large paper. Mr. Hoe's copy, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, is described in his catalogue as "unique for size." Sir Thomas Malory's "Story of the Most Noble and Worthy King Arthur" is the rare edition printed by Thomas East, about 1570. It is practically perfect, a small corner of one leaf only being in facsimile. The Ashburnham copy lacked six

leaves and the Huth copy has the title in facsimile. Harding's "Chronicle," printed by Richard Grafton, January, 1543, is the earliest issue.

Among books by sixteenth century writers is Samuel Daniel's "Works," the earliest issue of the first edition, with the title-page dated 1601 (most copies are dated 1602), large paper. Queen Elizabeth's arms are impressed upon the vellum covers. Thomas Drant's translation of two books of Horace's Satires, published in 1566 under the title of "A Medicinable Moral," is unique, containing two leaves of errata not found in any other copy and not mentioned by any bibliographer. Heywood's "An Hundred Epigrammes," 1550, is in superb condition, and the only copy known. Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland," the rare 1577 edition, is large and fine, measuring 11½ by 7¾ inches. It contains all the illustrations, including the scarce folding wood-cut of Edinburgh. Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, the exceedingly rare first edition, was formerly Richard Farmer's, then Gregory Lewis Way's, later Frederick Locker's. Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," printed by William Ponsonby, 1595, is the first edition and the only copy known, the one from which the University Press of Cambridge made a reprint. Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, is a fine specimen of the first issue of the first edition with the four unpaginated leaves at the end of the first volume and the blank spaces instead of the Welsh words found in most copies.

Among the choicest of the seventeenth century books is the first edition of Milton's first book, "A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle," 1637, afterwards given the title of "Comus." The corner of the last leaf is in facsimile, but the book is so rare that it is all but unprocurable in any condition. The "Paradise Regained," 1671, is entirely uncut, the leaf measuring 7½x5 inches, and is undoubtedly the finest example known.

The great eighteenth century books are scarcely less interesting. The first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," 1719, is in the original calf as is also the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels." The latter is the earliest issue, the portrait with the name underneath instead of in the oval surrounding the head. Moreover, on the second title of volume I. is the inscription, "Oliver Goldsmith, 1766," in Goldsmith's autograph. The first editions of Goldsmith's own books are also worthy of mention. "The Deserted Village" is on large and thick paper. A similar copy sold at auction for £100 at Sotheby's, London, in June, 1902. "The Traveller" is the first edition, 1764. This book has been sought after for years, but the only other copy known is in a private library in London. "She Stoops to Conquer" is the first issue with all the "points," in the original paper cover, uncut, and, without much doubt, unique in this state. "The Good-Natured Man," 1768, is also the earliest issue of the first edition. Gray's "Elegy" is the first edition, and the "Odes" which were "snatched from Dodsley's hands" by Horace Walpole to become the first issue of his Strawberry Hill Press, is a fine uncut copy with an autograph letter from Gray inserted. Inserted also is a single leaf "To Mr. Gray on his Odes" by David Garrick,

of which, according to Austin Dobson, only six were printed. The first edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 2 vols., 1791, is uncut; and among other interesting matter inserted, is the earliest autograph letter of Dr. Johnson known to be in existence, written at Lichfield, July 27, 1732, when Johnson was twenty-three years old.

The number of nineteenth century books is not large, but each is notable. The first edition of Keats's "Poems," 1817, is a presentation copy, the identical one which brought \$500 at the Arnold sale, May, 1901. The "Endymion," 1813, is uncut, of the earliest issue, with the correct half-title, the single erratum, and the two leaves of advertisements at the end. There is a complete set of the Waverley Novels, all in boards, uncut, besides first editions of many of Scott's poems, and the proofsheets of Scott's last work, the "History of Scotland," with autograph corrections by the author. Swinburne's first book, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," 1860, is the rare first issue with all the "points": Pickering's name on title, slip of errata, and label reading A. C. Swinburne. It has, besides, an autograph inscription on the half-title. "D. G. Rossetti, From his Friend, A. C. Swinburne."

Although no special effort has been made to secure rare Americana, the collection includes a number of interesting volumes, in addition to the copy of Hubbard's Indian Wars already described. Richard Eden's translation of Peter Martyr's "Decades," 1555, the first collection of voyages in English, is a fine and perfect copy with the rare unpaginated leaf "A Letter to the Duke of Muscovie" between folios 309 and 310. That great collection of voyages, by Samuel Purchas, 5 vols. folio, published 1625 and 1626 as "Purchas, his Pilgrimes," has the engraved title dated 1624 (in almost all copies it is 1625), and is in the original vellum binding with the faded blue string ties, and many uncut leaves. The fifth volume is of an earlier issue than that described by Loundes, Sabin, and others.

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON.

A "Bibliography of the State, Town, County, and Territorial History of the United States," compiled by Thomas L. Bradford, M.D., and edited and revised by Stan. V. Henkels, will be published in Philadelphia by Henkels & Morrison. There will be five volumes, including about seven thousand titles, double indexed. The work will include books published up to January 1, 1904.

A set of the first octavo edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols., 8vo, 1840-1844, in the one hundred original parts, will be offered by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city in the auction of Gen. Garret H. Striker's library; February 13 and 14. Only one set in parts seems to have been sold at auction in recent years. This belonged to the late L. H. Chubbuck of Boston, and brought \$315 in February, 1904. In the Striker sale will be offered a complete set of the New York *Mirror* from the first number, August 2, 1823, to the last, December 31, 1842, 20 vols., 4to. Samuel Woodworth was the founder and first editor, being succeeded by N. P. Willis, and he by George P. Morris.

On February 19 and 20 there is a sale

of autographs belonging to C. G. Boerner at Leipzig. The catalogue covers a wide field in art, music, and letters. There are seventy-four items concerning the royal house of Prussia; and men like Bismarck, Blücher, and Moltke are well represented.

At the auction of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, January 14 to 18, the following sales were made: Shakespeare's Second Folio, 1632, imperfect, £29 10s.; Sheridan's "Rivals," first edition, 1775, £9 15s.; Sidney's "Arcadia," first edition, 1590, imperfect, £165; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," first edition, 1837, with autograph, £11 5s.; Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," Newark, Ridge, 1807, £38; Shelley's "Zastrozzi," first edition, 1810, £16 10s.; Huth Library, edited by Grosart, twenty-nine volumes, 1881-1886, £18 5s.; Pope's "Essay on Criticism," first edition, 1711, £15 5s.; Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," £16 10s. At a sale held by the same firm on January 23, Defoe's "Fortunate Mistress," first edition, 1724, brought £10 10s.; Fielding's "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," "Amelia," and "Voyage to Lisbon," first editions, £14 12s. 6d.; Dr. Syntax's three "Tours," Rowlandson's plates, first editions, 1812-1821, £20; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," first edition, except vol. I., 1760-1767, £13 10s.; Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896, £49.

Correspondence.

GRILLPARZER'S "MEDEA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent performance in Boston, by Mr. Conried's company, of Grillparzer's "Medea," for the benefit of the Germanic Museum at Cambridge, called forth a pamphlet on that drama, by Mr. William Guild Howard of Harvard, valuable both in itself and as testifying to the growing general interest in one of the world's greatest dramatists. That American colleges have hitherto neglected the Austrian writer is not strange, in view of the fate which so long pursued him in Germany. More than any man of genius who wrote in the German tongue Grillparzer has suffered from the wilful depreciation of the literary historians of Germany. During a long period, not only critics of the stamp of Wolfgang Menzel—whose littleness has escaped oblivion only because he dared to attack the great—but writers like Gervinus and Julian Schmidt, utterly failed to grasp the significance of the Austrian dramatist. Within recent years, however, there has grown up in Germany a Grillparzer literature inferior in volume and minuteness of critical research only to that which steadily gathers around the names of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. In France, Grillparzer has found in Prof. Auguste Ehrhard of the University of Clermont-Ferrand perhaps his most charming biographer and most discriminating critic ("Le Théâtre en Autriche: Franz Grillparzer").

Mr. Howard's appreciation of the "Medea" is quite noteworthy as probably the first attempt in the English language to set forth adequately the merits of the play, and of the entire trilogy of "Das Goldene Vlies," of which it forms the concluding part. He justly says of the character of Medea her-

self, as depicted by Grillparzer, "We shall dare place beside her only the very greatest tragic characters in the modern European drama—Racine's *Athalie*, Hebbel's *Kriemhild*, or Shakespeare's *Lady Macbeth*." Within the compass of a few pages, Mr. Howard could not trace the relationship between Grillparzer's drama and Euripides's "Medea" further than to remark that "it may be doubted whether, of the many dramas in European literature treating the fate of Jason and Medea, the first, that of Euripides, is not, next to Grillparzer's, the least antiquated." He evidently would take issue, as must every student of Grillparzer, with one of the most recent English translators of Euripides, Sydney Waterlow, who, in the preface to "The Medea and Hippolytus" (The Temple Classics), remarks: "His portrayal of Medea . . . has never been recreated in a modern masterpiece."

We may forgive Mr. Waterlow for ignoring, with the multitude of lesser dramatists who have attempted to modernize the story of the golden fleece, the great Corneille, of whose "Médée" the learned Corneille editor, M. Marty-Laveaux, wrote: "La Médée de Longepierre, représentée en 1694, s'est maintenue au répertoire pendant tout le cours du siècle dernier, et a fait complètement oublier celle de Corneille." But the absence of any allusion to Grillparzer in this connection is, indeed, surprising. Whatever the absolute merits of Grillparzer's "Medea," (of which no English translation exists), there can be no doubt that it reproduces the atmosphere and the spirit of the Greek play more nearly than any other modern drama on the subject. The student of comparative literature will, indeed, find endless scope for his fancy in contrasting the characters of Medea and Jason as portrayed by Euripides on the one hand, and Corneille and Grillparzer on the other. Grillparzer, it is true, has softened the characters of both Medea and Jason, but how true to the calculating egotist of the original is this description of Jason by Medea in the Austrian drama:

For him and him alone the world was made,
And nothing lives except to prompt his deeds.
To own in thought what may elude his clutch,
He dares his fate and risks the fate of all.
If glory tempts, he kills without a pang,
And if a woman, why, he simply grasps.
Let break what will, he has what he desires;
Right is his deed, for what he wills is right.

Grillparzer's Jason, through all his vacillations and inconsistencies, could never have indulged in the utterly un-Greek sentimentalism of Corneille's:

Mon cœur, qui se partage en deux affections,
Se laisse déchirer à mille passions.
Je dois tout à Médée, et je ne puis sans honte
Et d'elle et de ma fol tenir si peu de compte.
Je regrette Médée, et j'adore Créuse.

Grillparzer's hero and heroine, too, have their sentimental moods, but note the exquisitely realistic touches in that pathetic scene where Medea attempts to force Jason's unwilling attention upon the song Creusa has taught her:

Medea. Jason, I know a song.
Jason. (Ignoring her, and continuing his address to Creusa).

And then the tower!
Dost thou remember it, on yonder shore,
Where thou didst weeping with thy father
stand
When I took ship and sailed for far-off
lands?
I had no eye then for thy flowing tears,
For full my soul was of my future deeds.

A gust of wind detached thy veil from thee,
The waves received it, and I sprang for it,
And carried it with me, to think of thee.
Creusa. Hast thou it still?

Jason. Remember, many a year
Since then has passed; the winds have borne away
Thy pledge. 'Tis gone.

Medea. Jason, I know a song.
Jason. Thou then didst call to me, "Farewell,
my brother."

Creusa. As now I call: "My brother, hail to thee!"

Medea. Jason, I know a song.

Creusa. She knows a song
That once thou sangst. Hear! Let her sing it.

Jason. Yes, yes! What was I saying? 'Tis a habit
That mocking clings to me from childhood days.

And makes me dream, and talk of far-off things,
That are not now and nevermore shall be;
For even as the youth lives in the future,
So with the past together lives the man,
And no one in the present fully lives.
A moment back I was a valiant hero,
And had a precious wife and gold and goods,
And mine a place was where my children slept.

(To Medea)

What didst thou want of me?
Creusa. Sing thee a song.
Which in thy youth thou sangst here in our home.

Jason. That singest thou?
Medea. As best I may.

Jason. Indeed!
Wouldst thou then with this poor and childish song
Give back my childhood and its happiness?

No, let it be! We must cling to each other,
Because it happened so, and 'tis our fate;
But let us have no songs and childish things.

Creusa. O let her sing! She tried so hard to learn,
And now she knows the song, and—

Jason. Well, then, sing!
Creusa. The second string, remember!

Medea. (Passing her hand over her forehead with an expression of pain.)

O, forgotten!
Jason. Thou seest, I knew full well, it would not do!
To quite another play her hand is used;
The dragon sang her magic art to sleep,
Which had another note than thy pure song.

Corneille, who follows Seneca's Latin play in many Gallicized lines, as in the

Va, bienheureux amant, cajoler ta maîtresse,
(I nunc, superbe, virginum thalamos pete)
returns in the conclusion to Euripides's terrible arraignment:

Horreur de la nature, exécration tigrasse!

In Grillparzer's "Medea," as in the Greek tragedy, Medea and Jason confront each other in the last scene, but whereas the classic play ends in bitter mutual reproach, and Medea departs unmoved, predicting evil to Jason, the modern poet provides a nobler climax. The touching conclusion of her apostrophe to Jason reawakens the sympathy of the spectator:

Bear then what has been meted out to thee,
Thy lot shall be what thy deserts demand,
As thou before me liest on the ground,
Thus lay in Colchis I before thee once,
And prayed for mercy. Hadst thou mercy then?
The sacrilegious fingers grasped thy fate,
Although I called: "Death is thy touch to thee."
Take then what sullenly thy heart desired,
Thy death. But I take bitter leave of thee;
It is the last farewell, forever the last,
I bid thee now, my husband. Fare thee well!
In all the terrors that engulf us both,
In all the sadness which the future bodes,
I still say, fare thee well, O husband mine!
A fate of sorrow darkening looms for thee,

Yet be prepared to meet thy stern decree,
In suffering stronger than thou wast in deed.
And if thy anguish greater than thy strength,
Let my surpassing woe console thee still,
For I have done what thou hast merely borne.

In that melancholy note of resignation which so often resounds through Grillparzer's works, Medea's last words are:

Bear, suffer, learn to explete!

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, January 28.

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Everything about Lincoln has perennial interest. It seems now that by his own account his little stories were told with a serious purpose as a relief from discussion, or to convey in a pleasant form something in itself not so pleasant. In England this habit of his made the impression of levity and did him harm. In the last year of the war I was a guest of Seward at Washington, now the beautiful and brilliant, then the gloomy and miry. One morning I picked my way across from Seward's house to the Government buildings for the honor of an interview with the President of the United States, the head of the great cause to bring to which the assurance of English sympathy was partly the object of my visit to the United States. I was taken to a hall upstairs, a door opened, and Abraham Lincoln was before me. For the figure I was prepared; but a glance at the face at once dispelled the idea of levity. On that face instead of light-heartedness sat melancholy, care, and the deepest sense of responsibility. The report that after Chancellorsville Lincoln had meditated suicide, though preposterous, was less wide of the mark than the charge of levity. In the course of the conversation which followed and which turned mainly on the state of opinion in England, Lincoln told one of his little stories. Not knowing what is now revealed, I regarded this as an instance of habit, perhaps Western, and thought that the President was relieving his burdened soul by taking, as it were, an intellectual pinch of snuff.

Never was crime a more fearful blunder than was the assassination of Lincoln by a Southern hand. It proved the ruin of Reconstruction. I cannot help thinking that Lincoln mistook the nature of the problem with which he had to deal, taking for a rebellion, as he always did, that which in fact was not a rebellion, but the sudden creation of a new nationality by a rupture which was inevitable and had been long foreseen. But the influence of his character on Reconstruction would have been inestimable. We know into what hands, when he was lost, Reconstruction fell.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, January 29.

OPEN SHELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with considerable surprise that I read the note on the open-shelf system on page 34 of the *Nation* for January 10. I hardly supposed the system needed further championing in America. In England there are local conditions of patent rights in indicators, and of "shuttnedness"

in humanity, that have delayed the introduction of open shelves; but with that we need not concern ourselves.

In the main building of the Public Library of Cincinnati the placing of books on open shelves began in the spring of 1900. The number of books so placed has increased, until at present there are 50,000 where the public may consult them without let or hindrance. This is a large open-shelf collection, possibly the largest in any one library building. I have not been conscious that the open shelf is a failure in Cincinnati. Surely the patrons of the library show their appreciation by the number of books they take for home use, 489,671 in the year 1906. The circulation in one year from the main building in Boston, according to the latest statistics, was 299,647; in Pittsburgh, 222,901; in Cleveland, 354,469; and in St. Louis, 455,898. It seems hardly necessary to explain that the books on the open shelves are selected books; that the rare books—the books difficult to replace, the sets of bound periodicals, the art folios—are not on open shelves. There were, at the close of 1906, 269,707 bound volumes in the main building, and 60,381 pamphlets, so that the open-shelf collection constituted about 18 per cent. of the bound volumes.

People do steal books. It was my fortune before coming here to have two years' experience as an assistant in what was at that time a reference library most hedged about with safeguards against the purloining of its books. During those two years more of that library's books were offered for sale to second-hand dealers than have been of the books of the Public Library of Cincinnati in any two years since the introduction of open shelves.

There is economy in the handling of the circulation, as we have fewer attendants in the circulating department than there were seven years ago, and the circulation is larger by one-third. As to economy of space, I am at a loss, as there is no more space to economize. With the influx of people who take books for home reading has come even a greater influx of those who come for the entertainment of reading, or for more serious consultation within the building, so that there is standing room only—and not much of that—during the busy hours.

One reason for the large use of the main building in Cincinnati is certainly its fortunate location downtown on a busy street, but another is as certainly the facility with which the patrons may get what they come for—books. N. D. C. HODGES.

Public Library, of Cincinnati, January 28.

AN EARLY PLAN TO EXCHANGE PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the time comes for some writer to trace the incidents and tendencies in the academic world which helped to bring about a better understanding among nations through the interchange of professors and lecturers, consideration should certainly be given to a curious incident, some account of which is to be found in the recent "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen," by Prof. F. W. Maitland. As long ago as 1864, Henry Yates Thompson, a young English graduate of Trinity College (B.A., 1862), proposed to endow a

lectureship at Cambridge University, England. In the words of Leslie Stephen's biographer:

The lecturer was to be appointed by the President and Fellows of Harvard, but was to instruct the English Cambridge in "the History, Literature, and Institutions of the United States of America." This generous offer the Cambridge Senate rejected. The question on which a vote was taken was whether by way of experiment a lecturer to be nominated by Harvard and approved by the Vice-Chancellor should be allowed the use of one of the university rooms for a single course of lectures. By 110 votes to 82 the Senate decided that it would not make even this tentative approach towards an acceptance of Mr. Thompson's proposal.

I venture to call attention to a few other details regarding this matter. Soon after his graduation Mr. Thompson visited America, spent some time in and about Boston, and became deeply interested in what he saw. Late in the year 1864, on his return to England, he addressed his plan of a lectureship to the Hon. Edward Everett, once minister to England, and ex-president of Harvard. Young Thompson felt keenly the want of information in England as to things American, "especially among the upper classes," as he wrote. He desired to provide for the delivery of a biennial course of twelve lectures during one term at Cambridge, the lecturer, or reader, to be appointed by the President and Fellows of Harvard, and—in his own words—the lecturer's "sole qualifications to be American citizenship, and the opinion of his appointers that he is a fit person." The plan of a foreign lectureship he considered so entirely novel to English authorities that he was unwilling to bring the matter in the first instance before his own university. He preferred to gain Mr. Everett's aid in offering the scheme to Harvard, and then to have it presented officially to Cambridge from Harvard. Otherwise it was likely, he thought, to meet with no very serious attention.

Mr. Everett's death early in 1865 probably delayed the plan. But it was presented to the Harvard authorities in the spring, met with their approval, and under date of May 8, 1865, was sent to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge by President Hill of Harvard, who expressed his desire for a "cordial assent." The plan reached England so late in the term that consideration was postponed till after the long vacation. Objections began to be heard in England. It was said that it could form no part of any acknowledged branch of university education. The fear was expressed that the lectures might become "a sort of democratic propaganda." As the true aim of the project seemed likely to become befogged, Mr. Thompson determined to publish the correspondence, expecting doubtless to arouse the Cambridge Senate to the large importance of his plan. The correspondence, together with some illuminating comment from Mr. Thompson, appeared in the autumn of 1865, in the shape of a small pamphlet, labelled "For private circulation only." In 1866 the fate of the plan was decided. Let Professor Maitland's words conclude the story:

It will probably be thought by modern readers that when Stephen told Lowell that a cry of "Socinianism" was raised, this was a joke. It was nothing of the kind, . . . the drum ecclesiastic was resoundingly beaten. "Are members of the Sen-

ate aware," wrote one of the drummers, "that Harvard University, as far as it professes any form of religion, is distinctly Socinian, or if Americans prefer the term, Unitarian?" Another gentleman thought good to say in print that by receiving a lecturer from Harvard we should "pander to that which is perhaps the worst vice inherent in the North-American character, namely, SELF-CONCERN." Such were the amenities of the time; such was the use made of capital letters; and such was the wisdom of the Senate. It had been believed and hoped at Cambridge . . . that if Harvard had to appoint a Thompson lecturer the choice would fall in the first instance upon Lowell.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., January 28.

THE ENGLISH VIEW OF THANKSGIVING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publication of "Loyalist's" eccentric communication to the *Oxford Magazine* of December 5 in your issue of January 10, led me to call the Vice-Chancellor's attention to the matter, and he has addressed to me, with a view to its publication in a communication to you, the following letter:

Magdalen College, Oxford,
January 21, 1907.

My dear Dyer:

I am obliged by your calling my attention to the letter of "Loyalist" in the last *Oxford Magazine* of last term. To show how little general stir it made, I may say that I had neither noticed nor heard of it before you spoke of it. I do not know who "Loyalist" may be, but I think I may at once say, if it is not too obvious to be worth saying, that the real opinion and feeling of Oxford is much more truly shown by the considered and official action of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church than by the irresponsible criticism of an anonymous correspondent of the *Magazine*—a criticism which I hope the writer might be willing to modify on fuller consideration.—Yours sincerely,

T. HERBERT WARREN,
Vice-Chancellor of the University
of Oxford.

From the above it will appear that at least two people in Oxford have read "Loyalist's" letter, the vice-chancellor and the editor who inserted it. How far the editor was from printing it as an *English view of Thanksgiving* will appear from the following note expressive of his view, which is to appear in the *Oxford Magazine* to-morrow, the first issue after the one of December 5, which contained "Loyalist's" letter:

At the end of last term we published an indignant and singularly ill-informed protest, signed "Loyalist," against the action of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church in allowing a Thanksgiving Day Service to be held in the Cathedral. "We may," said the writer, "be as friendly as we will to the Americans in Oxford, as men, but surely it behooves us to remember that their national festivals are held to celebrate the defeat of our arms. On these occasions they are rebels and traitors, and to encourage them is, morally, to be guilty of treasonable practice." We confess that we hardly thought that this letter would be taken seriously. It was, however, printed in the *New York Nation*, and we publish in this number two replies to it, one from no less distinguished a scholar than Professor Goodwin of Harvard, an honorary D.C.L. of this University. We therefore hasten to explain that, if we had thought that "Loyalist's" letter represented any serious body of British opinion, we should have suppressed it for very shame at the ignorance and prejudice which it exhibits. It is bad enough to be compelled to approve of every

contemporary action of one's own Government, but if that compulsion is to be made retrospective, then we are all "rebels and traitors," and what a burden lies upon the consciences of our lecturers in modern history! And, further, as our correspondent points out, Thanksgiving Day is not the same as the Fourth of July.

May I, as one who has always had at heart the adequate religious observance of Thanksgiving at Oxford, say frankly and fully that this part of our most ancient national observance was inaugurated here by an Englishman, the Rev. Ernest F. Smith of Lincoln College, sometime archdeacon of the diocese of western Pennsylvania. The first service was held in 1905 at the university church (St. Mary's), and then there was no "Loyalist" in the field against it. The second service was that of this last year in the Cathedral. The American Prayer Book was used on both occasions. That the Rhodes scholars—to whom were assigned in the Cathedral Church of Christ the seats occupied at other services by the scholars on that foundation—fully entered into the celebration in the spirit which prompted the authorities who made it possible, is shown by the votes of thanks unanimously passed and communicated to Mr. E. F. Smith and others concerned. The sermon—a memorable one—preached at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, on Thanksgiving Day, 1905, by the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, rector of Lambeth, formerly professor of dogmatic theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York city, U. S. A., has been published here by G. S. Mowbray of No. 106 South Aldgate Street. The second Oxford Thanksgiving sermon, preached by the Rev. E. F. Smith, and deeply appreciated by his hearers, among whom were many English subjects, has not, I am sorry to say, as one who profited by hearing it, as yet been published.

LOUIS DYER.

Balliol College, Oxford, January 22.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. W. S. Booth, quotes a passage of Bacon's against phonetic orthography, as tho it had some bearing on the proposals of the Simplified Spelling Board, which desires only to accelerate that inevitable simplification of our spelling that has been going on for centuries. Apparently he is in favor of arresting this movement now. It is therefore very kind of him to suggest that the reformers should "direct their attack upon the makers of dictionaries" and obtain "the admission of their reformed spellings each in its proper place." And perhaps he will be pleased to learn that some 150 of the simpler spellings recommended by the Board are already preferred by Webster, some 180 by the Century, and more than 200 by the Standard. Probably the future recommendations of the Board will be received hospitably, since the Board now numbers among its members the editors of Webster, the Standard, and the Century in the United States and the editors of the Dialect, the Etymological, and the Oxford English Dictionary in Great Britain.

A MEMBER OF THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING BOARD.

New York, January 28.

Notes.

"The Trust Movement in British Industry: A Study of Business Organization," by Henry W. Macrosty, is in the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

Hereafter the English quarterly *Mind* is to be published by the Macmillan Co.

A very desirable addition to the Muses' Library of E. P. Dutton & Co. will be the Poetical Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, edited by Ramsay Colles.

The Cambridge University Press will publish a complete edition of William Dunbar's works, edited by Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon. There will be notes of sufficient extent to elucidate the meaning of the text.

The Oxford University Press issues Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Medea," "Trojan Women," and "Electra," bound together in a single volume.

"Notes on Chaucer," written and published by H. B. Hinckley of Northampton, Mass., will probably be ready for distribution in September. Five hundred copies will be printed.

Henry Frowde will soon publish a volume by T. S. Omond, which sketches the history of prosodical criticism in England and America during the last two hundred years.

The first volume of Cowley's Works in the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contained all the poems published in the folio which appeared the year after his death. The second volume, now issued, contains the earlier writings from the edition of 1637, together with the plays and essays. The editor, A. R. Waller, is preparing a Supplement of Notes, biographical, bibliographical, and critical. Cowley lives to-day, so far as he lives at all, in his Essays, which have a rare flavor of leisure and learning. It cannot be said that this edition, with its reproduction of the old spelling and its inclusion of so much that is dull, is the best for the reader who merely desires his comfort, but for the scholar it is altogether admirable.

T. F. Tout's "Advanced History of Great Britain" (Longmans) serves a double purpose. It belongs to a series designed for school use, and its form is adapted to this end. But it is also one of the most convenient volumes of easy reference we remember to have seen. The narrative is pointed and succinct, but broad enough to include a clear account of political and constitutional changes; the maps are abundant and simple, and there are a number of genealogical and other tables, including a list of ministers and Governments since 1689.

Two more volumes have been added to "The Political History of England," published by Longmans, Green, & Co.: vol. iv., From the accession of Richard II. to the death of Richard III., 1377-1485, by C. Oman; vol. v., From the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Henry VIII., 1485-1547, by H. A. L. Fisher. The scope and importance of this work have been sufficiently indicated in reviews of previous volumes. Those now before us fully maintain the standard of their predecessors. Professor Oman, whose literary output is marked by

great unevenness of quality, is nearer his best than his worst in his contribution to this series. His account of the Great Rebellion of 1381 is particularly good, and his description of Agincourt is excellent. Professor Oman belongs to that new school of historians which, discarding the "drum and trumpet" style of description so deservedly stigmatized by Green, sees in a close study of the details and realities of the battlefield an important branch of the historian's art. His account of Agincourt is remarkable and convincing. Towards the end, however, the author flags. The Wars of the Roses prove as much of a stumbling block to Professor Oman as to most historians, and his treatment of the Joan of Arc episode, though sane and correct, is too pedestrian even for such a publication as "The Political History of England." The author of vol. v. would have risen to the height of the incident. There is no one writing history in England at the present day with more delicate historical and literary perception than Mr. Fisher. His application to tutorial duties at New College is a loss to a much wider circle, for it cannot be said that what he has so far produced represents all that he is capable of. One must, however, be thankful for what one can get, for it may be doubted whether any volume in this series will surpass this one in that indefinable something which may best be described as quality. It is not worth while quibbling with the author on small matters of style and accuracy, for his volume is excellent reading. His two great figures, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., stand out boldly and reasonably fashioned, even when shorn of many of the trappings with which a more rhetorical generation of historians used to adorn them.

Samuel Pepys had a dual personality, and J. R. Tanner, who is responsible for a new edition of his "Memoirs of the Navy," in the beautifully produced Tudor and Stuart Library of the Clarendon Press, is very insistent on the less generally appreciated side of it. Pepys, the administrator, thorough, painstaking, informed, strict in the execution of duty, will never win the allegiance of the reading public from the other Pepys; the Pepys who danced and sang, who enjoyed getting behind the scenes and putting over-rouged Nell Gwynn and Knipp through their parts. Still, many of those who love the Pepys of the Diary will turn with pleasure to catch a glimpse of the business side of the man; it could not be better set out than in this charmingly printed and produced edition.

In the same series appears Sir Henry Knyvett's "Defence of the Realme" from a hitherto unpublished manuscript now edited by Charles Hughes. Knyvett was a country gentleman, a soldier and a magistrate who, when England was, as it appeared, threatened with a Spanish invasion in 1596, composed this little treatise for presentation to Queen Elizabeth. In it he set forth with the authority of his long experience his views as to the best way to muster, train, equip, and handle an army to beat off the invasion. Concerning these matters several points of interest arise, Knyvett's views as to the long-bow, then fast falling into disuse, light artillery, and cavalry being of value for students of the military art. His style is direct with an

occasional quaintness of turn, but not in itself noteworthy. The editing is satisfactorily done.

It was to be expected that the letters of a scholar as distinguished as the late Dr. George Birkbeck Hill—who would have been christened Boswell Johnson if the fates had any real sense of the fitness of names—would not be long allowed, in this age of publicity, to remain unthumbed, unsorted, undivulged. So we have them in a volume of nearly three hundred pages (Longmans, Green & Co.), edited by Dr. Hill's daughter, Mrs. Crump. They cannot in fairness be ranked high in epistolary literature, but with the connecting bits of biography they give us some insight into an impressively though not winningly individual character, and furnish a sufficiently detailed account of a scholarly career more than creditable in its achievements and not lacking in heroic and pathetic features. We have our doubts whether the man or the career needed to be described in anything more extensive than a small memorial monograph; but, as a volume has been given us, we should be duly grateful for the glimpses we get of Swinburne, Burne-Jones, and other interesting men, and for some of Dr. Hill's frank utterances on literature and politics. There are a few capital sayings and anecdotes, the best of which is reported of Gladstone, who, speaking to Dr. Hill of the latter's great edition of Boswell, remarked: "You have succeeded in doing what Macaulay attempted to do and failed—you have suppressed Croker."

"Highways and Byways in Berkshire," by James Edmund Vincent, with illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs, is issued in New York by the Macmillan Company. Berkshire is emphatically a riparian county, since its upper boundary is marked for one hundred miles by the winding Thames, and it can claim a larger share of the river than any other county. The Berkshire Downs have not been so well written up as those of Sussex and Surrey, but they are, next to the river, the great natural feature of the country, and remain the same as when the Britons fought each other there. The Downs are the paradise of fox-hunters, and are used more and more as exercising grounds for racing stables. Where these exist, the poverty of the peasants is less grinding and the wages higher. Mr. Vincent's book has three main interests: the Thames bank, which he explores in great detail; the historical associations; and Windsor Castle, to which he devotes many pages. Mr. Vincent is peculiarly intimate with Windsor Castle in virtue partly of his presence as special correspondent at numerous royal functions, and he has admitted into his narrative a personal tone of reminiscence, which has not hitherto been present in this series. But what one may regard as questionable taste to-day will doubtless strike posterity as very much to the point when such chronicles as this will be ransacked for gossip and minor antiquities. There is sober history enough throughout, and in this volume, as in the others of the series, the reader is introduced to many an old country house not magnificent enough to be mentioned in the ordinary guide-books, but adorned each with its own legends and private tragedies. Berkshire is not especially rich in literary

associations. It is the background of Miss Mitford's writings, and contains what little is left of Cumner Place, the scene of Amy Robsart's death. But its chief boast so far is that it was the county of the author of "Tom Brown," who made its White Horse famous. When squoored—at present it is much neglected—this huge figure, 374 feet long, carved in the Downs, can be seen for twenty miles, and eclipses all the rest of its kind in England. This is the sixth volume of the series illustrated by Mr. Griggs, whose charming drawings ornament almost every page.

The charm of S. Parnell Kerr's "From Charing Cross to Delhi" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is its audacity. The author made a demi-tour of the best-known part of India, woke up one morning, remembered there was a train that would take him to Bombay in time to catch the next steamer home, and incontinently fled back to England. He saw four towns and a cave, and therewith wrote a new book about the country, not only describing but also analyzing the oft-described and oft-analyzed. Such self-confidence deserves recognition and almost inspires respect. Naturally, the book is of little value except as a *tour de force*; but it may be granted that it is clever and entertaining, which is all the author would claim for it.

"Due Process of Law Under the Federal Constitution," by Prof. Lucius McGehee of the University of North Carolina, belongs to the series of Studies in Constitutional Law (Edward Thompson Co.), which attempt to describe critically the actual working in our law of certain fundamental ideas. It should be as interesting to any intelligent reader as to the professional man, since it deals accurately and clearly with a subject of which some phase or other is under daily discussion. The regulation of railway rates, the protection against impure food, the suppression of child-labor and of monopolies, the validity of a decree for divorce based on constructive service, are but a few of the problems in which "due process" is involved. Though the author usually states the views of the court in its own words, he succeeds in being concise as well as readable; and he criticises modestly, but firmly, as in the case of *Haddock v. Haddock* (201 U. S., 562), and in the interesting lynching case of *Ex parte Riggins* (134 Fed. R., 404). The rules expounded are as far as possible based on decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Arthur Train, assistant to District Attorney Jerome, and one of the public prosecutors of New York, who is already known as author of a good book of short stories, now gives us, in "The Prisoner at the Bar" (Charles Scribner's Sons), a set of most interesting sidelights on the actual administration of criminal justice in our large cities. The voice is the voice of the expert, though the hand is rather that of the journalist. But the point of view is by no means journalistic, and the book is thoroughly serious in tone. In these days of lurid trials it is well that so crying an evil as the domination of the courtroom by the press should be thus exposed by a competent authority.

It is no fiction to say that in many cases the actual trial is conducted in the columns of yellow journals. . . . Judges,

jurors, and attorneys are caricatured and flouted. There is no evidence, however incompetent, improper, or prejudicial to either side, excluded by the judge in a court of criminal justice that is not deliberately thrust under the noses of the jury in flaring letters of red or purple the moment they leave the courtroom. The judge may charge one way in accordance with the law of the land, while the editor charges the same jury in double-leaded paragraphs with what "unwritten law" may best suit the owner of his conscience and his pen. "Contempt of court" in its original significance is something known to-day only to the reader of text-books.

Prof. Alfred E. Garvie of Hackney and New College, wrote a number of years ago an exposition of the Ritschlian theology which is probably still the best interpretation in English of the teaching of Albrecht Ritschl. In 1904 Professor Garvie conducted a class for lay preachers in a London Congregational Church, and from the outlines of his lectures he has prepared "A Guide to Preachers" (A. C. Armstrong & Son). The book is elementary, being designed for men without divinity school education, but its counsels are in harmony with sound scholarship and conform to good taste.

Mrs. Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay's plea for militant Christianity, which was published in 1903 under the title "The Warriors," appears in new dress with the title "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God" (The Macmillan Co.). Mrs. Lindsay is preparing a volume for the United Study of Missions Series, to be entitled "Christus Victor."

Excellent taste has been shown in the preparation of "The Sacred Seasons," a collection of readings for the Sundays and Holy Days of the Christian year, from the writings of Bishop Moule of Durham (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Spiritual edification has been the aim of the compiler, "F. M. Y." The volume is beautifully printed and illustrated, decorations for each of the prominent church festivals having been arranged and drawn by Miss E. A. Ibbs, chiefly from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum.

The just published Archaeological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund details the results of its work during the season of 1905-06. Messrs. Naville and Hall have continued their excavations at Deir el Bahari of the ruins of the XIth Dynasty temple, but no great additions have been made to the previous knowledge of the general plan of the structures. At the very close of the campaign, in the centre of the western end of the temple, was discovered the beginning of a sloping descent which the excavations of the present season may prove to lead to the tomb of the King, Neb-hetep-Râ, Mentuhetep. The great find of the year was, however, a life-size painted statue, in sandstone, of a Hathor cow, perfectly preserved, standing in an elaborately decorated chapel built for Thothmes III. The shrine has been rebuilt in the Cairo Museum, and the statue removed thither. For the Græco-Roman Branch, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt returned to Oxyrhynchus, and turned their attention once more to its rubbish-heaps, in the search for papyrus fragments. Their work was the most successful that they have yet to record. In two different mounds the remains of two "classical libraries"

were discovered. As usual, the papyri had been torn up before they were thrown away, precisely as we tear up written papers before committing them to the waste-basket; but in one of the mounds two cores of rolls were found containing ten or twelve columns each, others containing five or six, and many more of a column or two each. About half of the find remains yet to be deciphered; but among the nine longer pieces, all of the second or third century, may be noted thirteen columns of fifteen lines each of pæans of Pindar. The previously extant fragments of his pæans count only about a dozen lines altogether. There are also about a hundred complete, or nearly complete, verses of the lost "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. The longest prose fragment contains twenty-six columns of a text of the "Symposium" of Plato; but by far the most remarkable and valuable gives us fourteen columns, averaging about forty long lines each, and parts of three or four columns more, of a new history of Greece. The period covered is from 396 to 394 B. C., and the quantity of information, not found in Xenophon or Diodorus, is very considerable. The finders are disposed to assign the work to Cratippus, who is said to have continued the history of Thucydides. Among other discoveries may be noted a leaf from a Latin papyrus manuscript of Sallust's "Catiline," a piece of the lost Greek original of the Acts of Peter, another of an unknown version of the Acts of John, and especially forty-five lines on vellum of a lost Gospel, of striking interest.

Another French author to find representation among foreign classics prepared for American students is Edouard Pailleron, the poet and dramatist, whose "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" has just been brought out by Ginn & Co., edited by W. R. Price of the East High School, Rochester. N. Y. Pailleron's poems and essays will be recalled by readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which he contributed until his death in 1899. This brilliant comedy, full of keen satire on French political, social, and intellectual life as focussed in the Parisian salon, won for Pailleron a seat in the Academy.

Since the autobiography of Della Rocca no book of the same class has appeared in Italian literature that affords better reading than the "Ricordi di Gioventù" of Giovanni Visconti Venosta (Milan: Cogliati). The period covered is 1847-1860, and the chief interest is for Milan at the time of the revolution of 1848, and under the Austrian rule after the revolution failed. There are many glimpses of the best known figures of the Risorgimento, Garibaldi, Manara, Cavour, Farini; there are details of the Five Days, that are new and instructive; there are incidents of notable interest. Among the latter may be mentioned the one in which Visconti Venosta narrates how, after the war of 1859 had broken out, he and many others passed hours daily at the gate of Turin, by which the first French troops were expected to arrive. Each day he noticed a Sardinian cavalry officer standing somewhat aloof but in the same state of expectancy. At last one afternoon the longed-for French troops arrived, and Visconti Venosta turned and saw the Sardinian officer looking at them; his eyes filled

with tears. It was the young Duc de Chartres, the exiled son of Louis Philippe, then serving in Victor Emmanuel's army; he had not seen a French uniform since, in his childhood, Louis Philippe was driven from Paris.

The Colonial Director of Germany, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, is indefatigable in instructing the people of the Fatherland in the actual status of the German colonial problem, and particularly on the importance of the colonies to supply the German manufacturer with his raw materials. It is now announced that he has in preparation a detailed work on the subject of the German colonies, which is to appear in the near future.

A graphic illustration of the trend of human thought is to be found in the statements of the *Publishers' Circular* as to the literary product of England last year. The number of books printed was 8,603, a number greater by 351 than that of the previous year. Almost exactly a fourth (2,108) were novels and juveniles, showing an increase of 375 works. The only other advance of importance was in educational books (127).

An "Exposition Internationale du Livre" will be held at the Grand Palais, Paris, from July till October. The show aims at including every phase in the production of books, newspapers, and advertising.

A large number of MSS. that have been stored away in the vaults of the Town Hall at Merthyr Tydfil are to be examined. They relate to the early history of Wales, and contain information about Prince Llewellyn.

Tablets in memory of William Blake will be put up by the London County Council at No. 28 Broad Street, and in memory of Charles Reade at No. 70 Knightsbridge.

The report of the English Folklore Society for 1906 speaks of steady progress. Among the most interesting papers are "The Folklore of Dolls," by E. Lovett and "The Grail and the Mysteries of Adonis," by Miss Jessie L. Weston. The year's publications include the seventeenth volume of "Folklore," edited by Miss Burne, and a Bibliography of Folklore for 1905, compiled by N. W. Thomas. The additional volumes for 1904, 1905, 1906 will be put out in the course of the next few months. These will be "Jamaican Song and Story," by Walter Jekyll; "Popular Poetry of the Baloches," by M. Longworth Dames, and the "Folklore of Lincolnshire," put together from printed sources by Miss Peacock and Mrs. Gutch. One guinea annually entitles a subscriber to all the Society's issues. The money should be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Edward Clodd, No. 5 Princess Street, London, E.C.

The Italian ministry of public instruction issued recently the report of Prof. Ettore Pais on the universities in the United States. Professor Pais spent nearly a year here, not long ago, and visited the chief institutions in all sections of the country. His descriptions and criticisms, while written primarily to inform Italians, are interesting to Americans, as coming from an eminent scholar. What strikes him particularly is the opportunity for variety which our conditions offer. In Italy, universities are all of one type, and vary solely in the ability of their professors;

here, new types spring up, new experiments are made, there is a general atmosphere of hopefulness and enterprise, with hospitality for scholars from all over the world. Professor Pais is astonished at the richness of our libraries; at the large sums assigned in universities like Harvard to poor students; at the custom of inviting foreign professors for brief terms; at the social life of the students; at the immense gifts of private citizens. He regards coeducation as a success, and athletics, even when carried to a harmful extreme in individual cases, as a strong element making for moral health. He suggests that if Italian university students had this outlet for their animal spirits they might not become riotous or spend their time in dissipation. As a sign of the importance which the American public attaches to its chief universities, he cites the fact that the presidency of Harvard has been suggested as a fitting position for Mr. Roosevelt when he shall cease to be President of the United States. Professor Pais is not blind to the defects of our institutions, but he lays most emphasis on what they do and have rather than on what they lack. The former is positive, the result of American intelligence; much of the latter is in a fair way of being supplied. "The American is an admirable fusion of Celtic vivacity and the slow reflection of the Teutonic races with the firmness and self-control of the English stock." Professor Pais evidently believes that this new racial amalgam will not be inferior to any of its ingredients, and that American universities justify this optimistic belief.

The episodes of the Oxford Historical Pageant, noted in our issue of January 24, will fall into two divisions, separated by "A Masque of Mediæval Education," in which the Liberal Arts and their votaries will figure. The earlier series will include (1) The Legend of Saint Frideswide and the Founding of Oxford; (2) The Election and Coronation of Harold I. (1035); (3) The Teaching of Theobaldus Stampensis, from which we may trace the beginnings of the University; (4) the Granting of the Charter of the City by Henry II.; (5) the Riot on the Arrival of the Papal Legate, Master Otto (thirteenth century); (6) A Scene from the Life of Friar Bacon; (7) the Massacre of the Clerks on St. Scholastica's Day (1357), and (8) the Turning Back of Archbishop Arundel from his pursuit of the Lollards by Proctor Birch of Oriel, with his academic bills and bows (1410). Among the scenes from the later period will be the Founding of Christ Church by Wolsey, Cranmer's Recantation, Amy Robsart's Funeral, Elizabeth's State Entry in 1565, the Opening of the Bodleian Library by James I. in 1605, Laud's Reception of Charles I., the Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen, etc. Last of all will come the Giving of Degrees to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, a scene which should afford scope for some striking effects of color.

The annual report of the Nebraska Library Commission, in a summary of progress since the Commission began its work, five years ago, calls attention to the following facts: (1) The number of public libraries in the State has increased from twenty-six to fifty-five; (2) eight new library buildings have been erected; (3) the number of

trained librarians in the State has increased from about four to over twenty; (4) a system of travelling libraries has been established consisting of 106 libraries, which last year reached 177 different communities, and had a total circulation of 32,780 volumes.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Parish and the County. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.

The English poor law system, whose beginning dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was radically reformed in 1834. Most, though not quite all, of the old municipal corporations, many of which long antedated the poor law, were reformed in 1835. In 1888 a Tory Government, quickened to action by the inclusion in its ranks of the Liberal-Unionists, reformed local government in the counties, deprived the nominated magistrates assembled in quarter-sessions of the powers which at least since the fifteenth century they had exercised over county administration, and set up county councils elected on a democratic franchise. In 1889 London local government, except as regards the City of London, was similarly reformed. In 1894 another stage was reached and a Liberal Government called into existence parish councils, also popularly elected, to discharge administrative duties in small rural parishes hitherto in the hands of vestries more or less intimately connected with the Established Church. In 1900 vestry government in London, also in some degree even then still interwoven with the parish economy of the Established Church, was abolished; and for the twenty-eight local government areas of the metropolis, municipal councils like those in Provincial England since the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 were created. Thus between 1834 and 1900, with the exception of the City of London, which is to-day still untouched by reform, the entire system of local government in England and Wales—county, municipal, and parochial—was new modelled; and put under control of popularly elected bodies, acting under supervision, more or less close, of the Home Office, the Board of Trade, or the Local Government Board; and through these State departments in London also under some measure of constant supervision by Parliament.

With the exception of the poor law system none of the displaced systems had had adequate treatment from English historical writers until the publication of the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act." Gneist and Redlich had dealt with sub-departments of the subject; and there are a few monographs covering particular phases, such as the police and the management of highways. But with these exceptions hitherto the chief, if not the only, sources of information have been reports of Royal Commissions or Parliamentary committees, issued as Blue Books preliminary to reforms; and for the eighteenth century, before the days of Royal Commissions and Blue Books, the committee reports and the

petitions, which were then entered in full on the journals of the two Houses of Parliament. The lack of an authoritative and comprehensive history of English local government is now to be most adequately filled; for Mr. and Mrs. Webb have planned their work in five or six volumes. The first runs to 664 pages; but the subject is so exhaustively treated, and every statement is so fully supported by footnotes, that only two areas of local government—the parish and the county—are covered. Even here the history is not carried further back than 1689; and in each case the story ends with 1835.

The Revolution of 1689 is a good starting point, for the reason that after the Restoration all oversight by the central government had come to an end; and from that time until the Board of Poor Commissioners—now the Local Government Board—was created as part of the reform of the poor law system in 1834, municipal corporations, magistrates, and other officials who were entrusted with town, county, and parish government, were freer from supervision than at any other period in the history of English local government. The Home Office was the only State Department which, during these 146 years, troubled itself in the least with local government, and what may be described as the police laws were the only matters of which it took some spasmodic concern. The Government—that is the Cabinet and the Parliamentary majority which supported it—seldom evinced the least interest in local government.

With great fulness of detail, all supported by authorities unearthed during eight years of investigation of parochial and county records, Mr. and Mrs. Webb describe the organization of parish and county government in 1689, explain its working, and trace the changes. Each type of parochial government—the open vestry, which comes nearest to the New England town meeting, and the close vestry—is carefully examined, and the success or failure of each is interestingly traced. Except in London, the vestries were neither so corrupt nor so incapable as might have been expected, in view of their constitutions, the absence of any continuous supervision from the central government, and in view of the changing social, economic, and industrial conditions of the century and a half under review. One fact which Mr. and Mrs. Webb's study brings out is that zeal for the public service, which is so characteristic of English public life to-day, is comparatively new.

In what is now the metropolis, outside the city of London, vestry rule was most obviously a failure. The vestry system became utterly inadequate to the needs of the enormous and constantly growing populations, and there was much maladministration. In some of them there was "boss" rule, with all the sordid and squalid characteristics which are associated with "boss" rule in American municipalities. Tammany never produced a worse "boss" than Joseph Mercer, who, from 1787 to 1837, was in almost absolute control of the great parish of Bethnal Green, and who, Tammany-like, extended his sphere of influence; and was associated with a group of corrupt magistrates of the urban areas of the County of Middle-

sex. These magistrates made the licensing system, the administration of the police laws in regard to houses of ill-fame, county contracts, county balances, and official patronage, a continuous source of graft.

The nature of the work precludes any attempt at literary finish. Quotations from manuscript records, and from the contemporary literature of the subject, necessarily bulk large in text and footnotes. But the narrative flows easily; and, as new light is thrown at every turn on old and hitherto unexplored institutions, no student of English government will assert that the subject has been too exhaustively handled.

Men and Women of the French Revolution.

By Philip Gibbs. Illustrated with twenty-eight plates reproduced from contemporary prints. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This is an interesting volume; fascinating would not be too extravagant a term to apply to it, at least in parts. It cannot profess to be a serious contribution to the history of the French Revolution, has neither footnote nor reference, exhibits no knowledge of the researches of Aulard, Biré, Sorel, Duruy, Wallon, and hundreds of other scholars, who have upset our old ideas on a number of questions, and it gives the author's reading of disputable points (and they are countless) dogmatically. He does not show even any very profound acquaintance with the writings, journals, pamphlets, and official correspondence published during the first half of the last century, and, as far as we can gather from the text, he has read only the memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, Gouverneur Morris, Mme. Roland, and perhaps half a dozen others, and has left unread a good many much more germane to his purpose. On the other hand, the events of the period, both social and political, are shown forth in a fresh and attractive setting, its tragical and pathetic incidents are narrated with contagious emotion. Indeed, the book, though somewhat grandiose in style, is just the sort to spur on an indolent reader to make the acquaintance of other, and possibly more accurate, works on the French Revolution.

But the inaccuracies are manifold and distressing, and not the less so that, in some cases, they seem to be the result of pure carelessness. We read at page 45: "Hé [Voltaire] from his exile at Cirey, in Switzerland, was the master-mind of intellectual France." Mr. Gibbs was, of course, thinking of Ferney, for, in a later part of the work, he gives Cirey correctly as in Champagne; besides, Ferney was not in Switzerland, either, but on the French border. Still, the account of Voltaire and of his influence on events will be read with pleasure, even by those who recall Maucaluy's fine essay. The following passage will give a fair idea of Mr. Gibbs's way of putting things:

There was one man not in Paris—exiled indeed from France—who did not sit at that table [Baron d'Holbach's], but whose ghost was always there grinning over the shoulders of the guests, and animating them to their wildest words. It was the ghost of an old man with a death's-head face, the pallid skin drawn tightly over the cheek-bones, the sunken eyes gleaming from their sockets with the fire of a sardonic humor. It was François Arouet, called Voltaire.

the caricaturist of life's ironies. . . . It is amazing now, in the light of after events, that Royalists and nobles should have gone to Cirey [Ferney], as to the shrine of a saint, to hear that withered old man philosophize, with his queer perpetual grin, over the evils of their own class; that they should have kissed his withered hand and shed tears of emotion as he lay back in his tub-like chair denouncing and satirizing a society of which they were the representatives, and destroying with his light, subtle irony beliefs which, if they were no longer believed, would drag these people to the dust.

Mr. Gibbs's portrayal of Mirabeau is vigorous, full of life and color, and more convincing psychologically, perhaps, than that of Carlyle. As a pendant, he presents a small vignette of Mirabeau's antagonist, Maury. And here, too, the demon of inaccuracy lies in wait for him: "After the Revolution, when the forces of reaction were triumphant, he obtained his reward by becoming archbishop and cardinal." When the forces of reaction were triumphant, Maury's reward was to find himself a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, after scurrying out of France with the utmost dispatch. He was made cardinal and archbishop *in partibus*, but it was during the Terror. His appointment to the archbishopric of Paris by Napoleon, in spite of the Pope, was the occasion, or rather consequence, of the only pun the Gallic Cæsar is ever known to have made. At first, he insisted on his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, accepting the dignity. "Never, sire, without the Pope's institution," was the answer; "*Potius mori!*" "*Potius Maury?*" repeated Napoleon. "Then Maury it shall be."

Mr. Gibbs would have delighted Dr. Johnson; where he hates, he hates. He applies the lash to Bailly, Lafayette, Neck-er, and poor Madame de Staël. Cardinal de Rohan, Égalité, and some other disreputable people whom he describes, were bad enough, in all conscience; but he darkens the picture so deeply that we can scarcely discern the outlines; while he writes sympathetically of persons who were quite as bad, and, in a few cases, much worse. He draws an affecting picture of the love-making of Marat. His description of Camille Desmoulins is eloquent and dramatic; but he does not succeed in proving that the Attorney of the Guillotine was anything but a poor, hysterical creature, after all. It is a matter of personal liking or disliking; there is no holding the scales of even-handed justice. Indeed, he has all the merits and the defects of the romantic, as opposed to the scientific, historian.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Sovereign Remedy. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Steel's new story—to borrow a term from the theatre—calls for thirty-eight speaking parts, not to mention strikers, carousers, villagers, revivalists, motors, chauffeurs, and general chorus. It contains eight deaths (chiefly sudden or violent), a hotel fire, a shipwreck, a strike, a crystal-gazer, a young lady who had grown up in the British Isles without ever seeing a coin of the realm; and two strange young gentlemen cyclists who, colliding on a Welsh mountain, discover

that they bear the same name. The pair further discover that while "Ned" is striving honorably to divest himself of a huge fortune, "Ted" inclines to look upon a bank account with the covetous eyes of non-possession. By way of convincing Ted that money is nothing, Ned (who is an hereditary lord) proceeds to toss a handful of sovereigns into a neighboring pool. By this symptom you at once recognize the true modern idealist. There is also an old gentleman who makes you think of William Godwin, merely, perhaps, from his power of boring; there is a general arraignment of the whole construction of human society; there is a great deal of beautiful scenery. Lavishness, in fact, is the note of the whole story. Let no one attribute the color and movement of Mrs. Steel's earlier books to the purely external inspiration of East Indian subjects. "*A Sovereign Remedy*," which deals with quiet Welsh villages and a minor manufacturing town, has full as much incident as "*The Face of the Waters*." She can be just as eventful out of her own imagination, as when she has the whole Indian Mutiny to draw upon. Only, in this case, the effect on the reader is not unlike that of those terrible hotel menus "*American plan*," comprising the foodstuffs of the entire universe under one day's dinner, which bewilder you into longing for a discriminating and thrifty table d'hôte. For instance, the episode of Gwen, Mervyn, Myfanwy Jones, Alicia, Hwfa Williams, and the whole Welsh revival is matter in itself for a complete novel. As for Aura—the girl who prettily feeds a gold coin to her cockatoo—she fairly overtops the romantic heroines of Scudéry herself. Those exquisite creatures, while driving away their favored admirers with tragic outcries, usually had a sub-conscious idea of later reconsidering their suits. Aura, from an uncommonly fine-drawn piece of sensibility, not only rejects a highly eligible suitor whom she prefers, but on the same day accepts his rival. As far as can be discovered, she is guided by a pure and selfless intuition that the maternal instinct will find freer scope when the husband is not too distractingly adorable.

In outline, this last touch has a very modern air. Suffice to say that over the thin ice of a distressing and vital problem Mrs. Steel glides with all the lightness in the world; so lightly as to leave you rather indignantly asking why she did not either Ibsen-squely face it, after the manner of Miss Elizabeth Robbins, or leave it alone, like the ladylike, practised, old-fashioned novelist that she is.

The Diamond Ship. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another machine-made yarn of crime and alleged mystery. The *Diamond Ship* is a huge floating repository of the booty collected by an organized band of jewel-thieves. Their leader employs the methods of a captain of industry, and his operations are conducted upon a vast scale. This we take to be according to approved modern usage. Dick Turpin is dead and buried, and his simple ways with him. The murder of a single person may still serve respectably the purposes of detective fiction, but there is no longer much to be

hoped for from the theft of a single diamond. Our up-and-coming thief has an army in his employ, and makes use of the latest corporation methods. Naturally, our accomplished detective must discard his revolver and microscope in favor of search-light and rapid-fire gun. By way of indemnification we must apparently yield him something in the way of probability. The *Diamond Ship*, though of strange appearance and long in commission, has never been sighted by any other craft, naval or otherwise. Dr. Ean Fabos not only divines its existence, but, having given himself the tip, makes his way to it without delay or difficulty. He is not permitted to take possession of it until he has run dutifully through a number of elaborate, if flimsy, adventures. In these adventures the usually helpless maiden is involved. We are not sorry when the time comes for her to take the bold doctor off our hands in the usual way.

Truthful Jane. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is pleasant to come upon fiction which, whatever its order, is evidently what its author intended it to be. "*Truthful Jane*" is not a remarkably good story, but it has a certain modest integrity which places it above the ruck of petty inventions. A tale of simple sooth to please such knitters in the sun as are loath to have their peace invaded by the sombre, the ingenious, or (to do them justice) the silly.

Elias, Jahve, und Baal. Von Professor H. Gunkel. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr.

No figure of Biblical history stands out more grandly than that of Elijah the Tishbite, and none of the heroes of the Bible has left a more powerful impression upon the imagination of succeeding generations. The son of Sirach sang of the "prophet of fire, whose words burned like glowing coals"; the Old Testament closes with a prophecy of his return to earth; mediæval legend recounts his conflict with the Antichrist; and it is said that the traveller in the Arabian peninsula may yet hear stories of Elijah which have never been reduced to writing. The chapters in the books of Kings in which the tales of Elijah's prowess are recounted are among the most interesting in the Bible, and their power and beauty are not more felt by the child than they are admired by the student. Critical study of these narratives has not been wanting; but for the most part it has been partial and fragmentary, and not in a form to come to wide notice. Appreciation of the literary prophets is, of course, more easy and leads to more certain results, and accordingly books on Isaiah and Amos have multiplied; while monographs on Elijah have been allowed to become hopelessly out of date; and for opinion concerning him one is obliged to seek out incidental references in Old Testament histories and theologies. The articles in both the well-known Biblical encyclopædies are inadequate.

The brief essay of Professor Gunkel supplies at last a worthy critical and literary estimate of the Biblical material concerning Elijah, and also a clear portrayal of the great prophet's work and his service to Israelitish religion. One is compelled to

admire the skill with which the Berlin professor orders his material, the cogency with which he presents his opinions, and the sympathy and fineness of feeling manifest in his estimate of literary qualities. In a group of German students who were talking of Gunkel in a university corridor one declared, "Er hat mich nicht begeistert!" but the speaker set himself down thereby as an altogether exceptional person. The same power of awaking enthusiasm which characterizes Gunkel's lectures is evident in the flowing pages of his study of Elijah.

The presence of legendary material in this portion of the Old Testament is evident to nearly all thoughtful readers. Professor Gunkel shows clearly that the accounts of Elijah's deeds cannot be regarded as historical, and his exhibition of the distinctive differences between history and legend, and the grounds which compel the classification of the chapters on Elijah under the latter head, is of much force. But he is not a writer who dismisses an ancient story lightly as soon as he can dub it a legend. On the contrary, he is persuaded that legends have a value all their own, greater often than that of history; and that much valuable historical material may be deduced from them. The legend is a folk creation. In its popular imagination and feeling have had full sway, and it testifies, therefore, to the beliefs and aspirations of the masses of the people more fully and truthfully than do the ancient histories of kings and their wars. The author of this essay on Elijah has used the legends which gathered around his hero to present a picture of the popular piety in northern Israel in the ninth century before Christ, and the result is most interesting.

Professor Gunkel's estimate of the character of Elijah is not essentially different from the popular impression. Despite the word "legend" over the account of the ravens and the widow's cruse, and even over the narratives of the slaughter of the priests of Baal and the flight to Horeb, the critic has in reality the same conception of Elijah as is found on the cards given to Sunday-school children. Shall we say, then, that there is no profit in criticism? By no means, for the critic has an understanding of the work of the prophet and his mission to his time which is lacking in the popular conception. Elijah in the Sunday-school is a Christian, who happened to live in the times of Jezebel. But to the historian of the Hebrew religion he is the hero who saved the God of Moses and kept a nation true to its ancestral faith. At a turning point in the national life, his zeal for the old and simple ways and for the national God was a towering and beneficent force. To the modern man the saint who was fed by ravens is a dim and doubtful figure, but the prophet who would stand for no "limping on both knees," is a real man.

Professor Gunkel has written a most fascinating book in a very important, and somewhat neglected, field of Old Testament research. The volume is unpretentious, but it will be consulted gladly by scholars, while for laymen who read German a better example of the output of modern critical scholarship could hardly be found.

Court Life in the Dutch Republic (1638-1689). By the Baroness Suzette van Zuylen van Nyevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4 net.

The Baroness van Nyevelt inspires confidence at once by her familiarity with Fruin, the greatest of all Dutch historical critics, and with Professor Blok, his pupil, the historian. Her word pictures are of an age of exaggerated etiquette, when Church and State were in close alliance and also in perpetual friction. She reveals the foibles as well as the grand characteristics of holders of the helm of a state contemptible in size but potent in influence.

The chief characters in the first act of her drama are Amelia van Solms, one of the great and good women of the House of Orange, and her daughter-in-law, sister of Charles II. of England, and mother of the stadtholder, King William III., with various other notable women, famous for fascination, mischief-making, or womanly vigor and charm. Prince Frederick Henry and his grandson William, who foiled the schemes of Louis XIV., are the prominent male characters. Not a few diplomatists, burgomasters, and public men are drawn to the life. In cases of subjective doubt, the baroness relies upon Fruin's well-nigh infallible judgments. The narrative fitly opens with a description of the visit of Mary de Medicis, the widow of Henry IV. of France, to the Netherlands in 1638. Driven from France by Richelieu, after seven years of exile at Brussels she appealed to his allies, the Dutch States-General, in order to obtain her return to France. At Amsterdam "the Star of the Medicis" was welcomed with the peal of bells, the firing of guns, twenty companies of militia, and the escort of a brilliant bodyguard of young men of wealth, who kept horses "as an honest exercise for body and mind." The festivities on the water were as wonderful as the brilliant pageants on land. In the negotiations which followed, the idea of a marriage between the son of the Prince of Orange and the eldest daughter of Charles I. of England was first suggested. As the ex-Queen Mary was on the point of leaving for England, she engaged to act as intermediary in this important and delicate affair. Thus began the train of influences which, for the weal or the woe of the nations, drew the two governments of Holland and England into close relations. Succeeding chapters tell of the youthful suitor, William II., and of the little Princess Mary, who came under the care of her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria. The third part of the book is devoted to William III. and his marriage and life with Mary, daughter of James II. of England. Here the author shows familiarity with the best results of recent historical investigation. The narrative closes when Mary leaves Holland for England, never to return.

The real value of this excellent book, illustrated and indexed as it is, consists in its descriptions, rich in coloring, of the social life of the period, the Dutch golden era. We have family life in the upper classes, religious influences, literature and art, society and diplomacy. The bitterness between the Orangeists and anti-Orangeists, the strife of parties, the cum-

brousness of the Dutch system of government, are all sympathetically explained.

The Law of Contract. By Sir William R. Anson. Second American copyright edition. Edited by Ernest W. Huffcut. New York: Oxford University Press.

Sir William Anson's text has been so popular in England that it has run through eleven editions—a result largely due to convenience of size. In scholarship the book marked no material advance, for it was preceded by the works of Leake and Sir Frederick Pollock. Since the first edition appeared, in 1879, there has been much scholarly discussion; but as the author has meanwhile been engaged upon other matters, it is not surprising that the text of the successive editions has failed to keep pace with the advance of scholarship. Even in the latest edition, the text quotes (p. 100), without objection, the faulty definition of *consideration* as either *benefit* or *detriment*, although the author now appends a better definition of his own. Still worse, the text continues to discourage clearness of thought in a manner for which this author is principally responsible; namely, by treating under the head of "reality of consent" (p. 162) some matters which render the contract not non-existent, but merely subject to an affirmative defence. Further, one still finds the scanty and unscholarly chapters on Agency—chapters not nearly as good as the book's own average. These are almost random instances of the necessity for thorough revision. Some of the defects of the text are rendered harmless by the work of the American editor; but the disease is so deep-seated that a perfect cure cannot be expected from any editor, and certainly cannot be afforded by an editor who says (p. 4) that "conveyances, grants, and gifts are conveniently spoken of as contracts."

Drama.

Ibsen: The Man, His Art and His Significance. Haldane Macfall. New York and San Francisco: Morgan Shepard Co. \$1.50 net.

This book, the latest contribution to the growing body of literature about Ibsen, is a curious compound of indiscriminating eulogy and sound criticism. In his laudation of Ibsen as a dramatist and poet, and in his estimate of the revolution effected by his works, Mr. Macfall ranges himself among the most ecstatic and least judicious worshippers of the illustrious Norwegian, but in the consideration of his moral, social, and political theories he often exhibits refreshing sanity. Mr. Macfall sees clearly enough the egregious fallacy involved in Ibsen's ideal of a nation composed entirely of free and independent wills—a democracy of conflicting egotisms—and the utter illogicality and unfairness which he often exhibits when dealing with the relations of the sexes. What he fails to discern, apparently, is that the significance of the purely social and political plays must

be greatly impaired by the fact that they are based upon radically false premises.

So far as the life and personality of Ibsen are concerned, Mr. Macfall seems to have been entirely dependent upon the details given by Jaeger, Archer, Gosse, and others, and Ibsen's own published correspondence. His book, therefore, will have no biographical interest except for those unfamiliar with the subject. For them it provides a convenient and fairly full narrative. It not only gives synopses of all the plays in their order, but also furnishes explanations of their motives, intent, and symbolism, which, if they are not authoritative—and it must be remembered that Ibsen himself (though nobody believed him) repeatedly and vehemently protested that there was nothing allegorical about his plays—are at least interesting. Everybody, of course, is at liberty to supply his own interpretation.

Mr. Macfall is of those who hold that "Brand" illustrates the folly of trying to put an ideal pietism into practice amid the stern realities of life. In that case Ibsen must have wished to demonstrate the practical absurdity of the doctrine which he preached his whole life long. According to this, if Brand was an evangelical fanatic, it was his plain duty to be "his individual self" in spite of all. The clue to the real moral—if there be one—lies perhaps in the last words of the tragedy, "He is deus caritatis." Are these a cynical fling at the golden rule or an intimation that Brand perished because there was no love in his colossal egotism? At all events "Brand" is a superb poem and a trenchant satire. Peer Gynt, of course—we have Ibsen's own word for it—is Brand's antithesis. He is an incarnation of the lusts of the flesh, as the other was a spiritual zealot. Each was thorough in his way, while Julian the apostate ("Emperor and Galilean") was neither one thing nor the other. Perhaps, as Mr. Macfall argues, the plays were intended to form a trilogy, but the point is not of much importance.

The later prose pieces, with two or three exceptions, may be taken at their face value, and this is not particularly enhanced by the wider applications which Mr. Macfall, with other commentators, attributes to them. This process can be employed upon any play that ever was written, inasmuch as any individual may be held to represent a class. Only devout Ibsenians will deem the encomiums which Mr. Macfall lavishes upon the plays wholly justified. Some of them even would hesitate at the epithet "sublime," which he uses rather freely. That Ibsen is a master mechanic, a wonderful observer, a most powerful satirist, and an expert analyst of the meaner human motives no competent judge would dream of denying. But something more than mere craftsmanship, biting cynicism, and fearless plain speaking is needed to make a great drama. Nobility of thought, freshness of imagination, and above all things essential truth are indispensable.

Having proved his capabilities as a dramatist by the adaptation of his own novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," William J. Locke has now written an original comedy. The new piece bears the title of "The Palace of Puck," but the story is entirely modern. The play has been acquired by Frederick Harrison for production at the

London Haymarket. "The Morals of Marcus" will be produced by Charles Frohman in New York next season.

Word comes from Paris that William Busnach is dead. For long years he was the unique adapter of romances to the stage, his infinite jest and excellent fancy making even the bitterness of Zola's "Assommoir" pass with the public. He had tried his hand at Balzac, he had collaborated with Maupassant. Where the theatre is a branch of literature he had an honorable place, enduring, if not immortal.

Music.

Die Musik in Böhmen. Von Richard Batka. Berlin: Bard, Marquardt & Co.

Bohemian music is a subject of special interest to Americans, because the greatest of the Bohemian masters, Antonin Dvorák, wrote his best works during his three-years' sojourn in New York as director of the National Conservatory. In Dr. Batka's little monograph we discover the reasons why Bohemia had come to be regarded, by the eighteenth century, as a musical training school for all Europe. Six centuries ago Bohemian fiddlers and flute players were already famed in other countries. In the days of Karl IV., Prague was the gayest of European capitals, a paradise for musicians. A reaction came with the Hussites, who tolerated religious hymns, but tabooed all instruments, in some cases even the organ; wherefore the Church gradually lost its commanding position, and the development of the nation's music became chiefly secular. The village schoolmasters were indefatigable in teaching their pupils how to play. Students formed bands and played marches, dances, and more serious works, partly for their own delight, partly to earn a living; Gluck, as a student at Prague, was a member of one of these bands. But the strongest impulse came from the aristocracy. Every nobleman of means had his domestic orchestra, made up chiefly of his servants—no one could wear the livery in those days unless he could play some instrument. It was therefore no poetic license on Wagner's part when he spoke, in one of his novelettes, of a band of Bohemian musicians on a country road playing, for their own delectation, Beethoven's septet, "with a precision and a depth of feeling rarely equalled by a trained virtuoso."

Yet, with all this musical atmosphere and enthusiasm, the Bohemians seemed to lack the gift of creativeness, at least in the sphere of art-music. One day, at Liszt's house in Weimar, Herbeck expressed the current opinion that, after all, the Bohemians were only reproductive musicians. A Bohemian happened to hear this, and he promptly vowed to himself to remove this reproach from his country if he could. This man was Friedrich Smetana, of whose struggles to fulfil his vow Dr. Batka gives a touching account. He was self-taught; but that, perhaps, was no impediment to one in whom the musical faculty was so strongly developed that he could copy from memory what he heard a band play, and

then arrange it for four strings—a useful faculty to one who was too poor to buy music. His countrymen took so little notice of his efforts in behalf of a national art that he was more than once on the verge of committing suicide. He sought consolation with the Schumanns, Robert and Clara, who treated him curiously. Liszt alone lent a helping hand, and thus it came about that Smetana became the Bohemian Liszt, so far as the writing of symphonic poems is concerned.

Dvorák, too, became a follower of Liszt and a writer of symphonic poems, but not till towards the end of his career. And this conversion was made in America. Brahms had first discovered the genius of Dvorák (whose melodic gift he often confessed he envied), and he wished to make him one of his fold. Dvorák did, for a number of years, devote himself chiefly to absolute music—symphonies and quartets—but while he was in New York he became an intimate friend of Anton Seidl, under whose influence he became a Liszt and Wagner enthusiast.

As a matter of course, Dr. Batka devotes some pages to the famous folk-music of Bohemia, which so strongly influenced both Smetana and Dvorák. He points out that not all of these tunes are purely Czechish; some are obviously Italian operatic airs, transplanted from the theatre to the street. Others, he maintains, are echoes of melodies in the symphonies and sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. The reasoning, however, by which he arrives at this latter conclusion is not above criticism. The instrumental character of the melodies in question, he argues, precludes the idea that it was the composers who borrowed them from the folk-song. But folk-song elsewhere (noticeably in the neighboring Poland) is instrumental in character, having been modified by the peculiarities and tonal limitations of the favorite instruments.

Jeremiads innumerable have been written about the degeneracy of the operetta into musical farce and vaudeville. A few weeks ago, Reginald de Koven's "Student King" was brought out at the Garden Theatre, heralded as a return to the good old comic opera type. It proved, however, too dull to do much good. Its successor at the same theatre, "The Little Michus," is, on the other hand, a musical play which may be ranked with the masterworks of Gilbert and Sullivan, Strauss, and Suppé. The plot may not be novel in its central idea, but its development leads to many new and amusing situations, which are made the most of by the members of the cast, notably, George Graves, who takes rank at once with our most popular musical comedians. The score is by one of France's leading composers, André Messager, who has the gift of writing music which is at once pleasing to the untutored public and the educated listener.

Wassily Safonoff will conduct at the next Philharmonic concerts (Friday afternoon and Saturday evening) the ninth symphony of Schubert and the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy of Tchaikovsky. The Schubert and Tchaikovsky numbers will be separated by Victor Herbert's violoncello concerto, which will be played by the Belgian, Miss Elsa Ruegger.

Art.

"THE INTERNATIONAL."

LONDON, January 20.

The International is the one society which gives an important show of modern work in London. The aims of Whistler, the Society's first president, were as broad as those of the Academy are narrow. The annual exhibition, he said, was to be an Art Congress, a name still retained on the cover of the catalogue; it was to represent not one, but all schools, all countries. This was a new departure, indeed, in a land where an Academy, that is supposed to set the artistic standard, has no use for the foreigner, except occasionally to strengthen and hold up its palsied hands. And the second condition was that work once admitted must be treated and shown, not anyhow as if the gallery were an auction room, but with the care and respect it deserved.

The Society has, up to the present, managed to observe these conditions with a success really astounding. But this year, in the exhibition at the New Gallery, it must be confessed there are many signs of falling away from Whistler's ideal. In the first place, the "Art Congress" has dwindled from Whistler's big conception, and for the first time has composed itself of its own members—a fatal blunder. In the second place, the arrangement of the galleries is not so careful as usual. The Sculpture hall has suffered less, and is again the beautiful white court it has been since the Society moved into the New Gallery, though the work itself, as a collection, has before now been much finer.

When it comes to the work exhibited, the Society is proved, even under these changed conditions, still international in something more than name. The exhibiting may be restricted to members, but American, French, Spanish, Dutch, German, Belgian, and Russian, as well as British artists, are represented. Much of the work that comes from abroad you may not like, but at least it has vigor. This is why two men like the Spaniards Zuloaga and Anglada simply overshadow every picture that hangs near theirs—they have power, they have individuality, though you may think the former wasted and the individuality unpleasant. Zuloaga keeps to the now familiar types, to the same coloring, except that in one picture a yellow-haired girl now appears. He is mannered beyond belief; his pictures may at times suggest a study of Velasquez, at others a closer knowledge of Goya. But he is always Zuloaga. Anglada's color scheme, this time called Pomegranates, is, as color, extraordinary. What it is all about does not matter. I can see the great mass of the fruit that gives the picture its title, I can see that there are figures of women, and a white horse, but I do not believe Anglada himself knew what they meant: he was no doubt satisfied, as I am, if they helped him to get the beautiful color which was his object.

It is the same with almost all the foreign members. Widely as they may differ in methods and aims, they are alike in deliberately using their own eyes. I have

seen finer examples of Besnard and Aman-Jean, of Boldini and Blanche, of Franz Stuck and Miss Cecilia Beaux. But there is not a portrait by one of these artists that is not full of observation, that is not technically accomplished, that does not endeavor to assert the painter's individuality. It is the same with the landscapes. You feel that Cottet has looked for himself upon the stern town of Avila; that Claus and Buysse have discovered their effects of sunlight and atmosphere for themselves; that Baertson has been dazzled by just such a vivid passage of red on the roofs of Ghent in the light of the setting sun. And so again, you find readiness and ability to face fresh problems in the work of the German Sauter as in that of the Frenchman Louis Legrand, who both, each after his very different manner, have been absorbed in the study, the analysis of the quality of light. You find it in Bauer's romantic impressions of Spain, in Kuehl's German harbors and rivers, even in the curiously murky pictures—an Archer, and Christ and Peter—that Hans Thana this year has sent.

I have not exaggerated in saying that the British pictures cannot stand the test of comparison with the work from abroad. Let me take, to explain what I mean, a picture that, in size and subject, is one of the most ambitious—The Golden Age, by C. H. Shannon. He has never done anything on so large a scale, or so elaborate in composition as this huge green landscape, with its group of nude figures in the foreground. Conscientious, painstaking toil has gone to the making of the picture; neither inspiration nor vitality. Place one of Zuloaga's ladies in the centre of the composition, and the nudes would dwindle into mere spaces of not particularly pleasant color; borrow a gleam of light from Baertson, and the green landscape would be no more real than the trees and flowers of the old-fashioned sampler. Mr. Strang's Al Fresco and Playtimes are so clumsily reminiscent of the Venetians that you can only wonder why a man who, whatever his qualities, cannot count among them refinement or grace or gorgeous color, should have so betrayed himself. And on all sides you are faced by these mistaken—or worse—réchoses of other men and other days. The portraits are unusually lacking in interest. There is really only one with genuine distinction and any individuality whatever. This is Mr. Nicholson's Miss Alexander. He has made his composition both daring and amusing. The lady, in riding habit, is seated low on the canvas, and the entire background beyond her is filled with an equestrian portrait. But Mr. Nicholson cannot quite forget his color prints, and the arrangement would be more appropriate to a wood block than to canvas; the picture is flat. These are the defects. But Mr. Nicholson is not forever copying or re-echoing somebody else. Of the British landscapes there is less to be said. Not one of great merit or ambition stands out from the rest. A few are pleasant and peaceful. Mr. Pryde's are more than this, for he adds an artificial elegance that, if obvious, is not ineffective.

The black-and-white has been selected more intelligently, but up till now, when possible, the work of one man was grouped together—and it is only by this grouping that small drawings and prints will tell

in a big exhibition. Now the work is scattered. Prominence, moreover, has been given to drawings that are nothing more than the studies you might see in any artist's studio or the painter's notes for his pictures: interesting, it is true, when they come from an artist of distinction like Puvis de Chavannes, though even his *Étude pour le Travail* for the Amiens decorations seems out of place in an exhibition of this kind. But when the sketches and memoranda are by men who are not great, to display them with every possible honor becomes simply ridiculous. To be sure, there is a charcoal drawing of Old Battersea Bridge by Whistler. Grouped around the Whistler, or scattered throughout the room and in the balcony, is much of importance and interest: etchings by Max Klinger, who, however, has let subjects engross him until in some of his plates it seems almost as if he had used his needle for no other purpose than to tell a story; lithographs by C. H. Shannon; wood engravings by Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf; aquatints of London by Mr. Pennell; water-colors of birds by Mr. Crawhall; prints of various kinds by Louis Legrand; etchings by Baertson; lithographs by Hans Thoma and Storm van 's Gravesande; drawings for illustration by Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, who has recently been made a member of the Society. But, with all this material, the mistake has been not to use it in the sympathetic manner which once made the black-and-white room at the International crowded with people who, for the first time, began to understand that black-and-white could be, and is, as serious and delightful a branch of art as any other.

I need not say much of the sculptures. M. Rodin shows only two busts, one in bronze of Bernard Shaw, one in marble of Lord H. de W., both disappointing, and a little bronze *Frère et Sœur*, a beautiful group, simple, graceful in line and form. Lambeaux has a huge bronze group, so out of scale in the court that it is difficult to see it, and another of himself, seated, a portrait in which the character he discovered evidently interested him more than the other qualities one looks for in sculpture. A special feature has been made of the work of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy; it is clever, but has not quite the distinction that makes one forget cleverness. The most splendid thing in this section is a votive lamp for the Cathedral at Saragossa by Harry Wilson. He has made of it a gorgeous arrangement of bronze and silver and enamel worthy of the building in which it is to burn. Nor, though working for the old Cathedral, has Mr. Wilson tried to pose as an old master-craftsman. Nothing could be more original than his design.

N. N.

Since the work of Francesco Botticini has been confused with that of Cosimo Rosselli, Botticelli, and Verrocchio, so protean a painter is fair game for a connoisseur in search of a doctor's degree. The expanded dissertation by Ernst Kühnel, "Francesco Botticini," Heft xlv. of the series *Zur Kunstgeschichte des Auslandes* (Strassburg: Heitz), is a creditable performance. After the researches of Cavalcaselle, Bode, and Berenson, there remained rather little to do in the strict connoisseurship of the subject, but Dr.

Kühnel has extended the list to twenty-four works (not including the example in the Holden Collection, Cleveland, nor that recently acquired by John G. Johnson of Philadelphia), and has given a readable account of an artistic career that, beginning with Neri di Bicci, was to end in the milieu of Verrocchio and Botticelli. One may note also an interesting digression on the vogue of the subject Tobias and the Archangel Raphael in the second half of the fourteenth century. Various explanations of a sentimental sort have been offered; Dr. Kühnel very reasonably holds that the foundation of Raphael guilds for charity accounts for the case adequately. The writer should also be praised for keeping a clear head on the artistic merit of Botticini. We are not even required to believe that the vastly overrated Tobias with the Three Archangels of the Accademia is a masterpiece. Appended to the text are fifteen heliotype plates containing forty pictures, being a complete graphic compendium of the subject. The monograph gives good promise of the author's course in connoisseurship and criticism.

It is only the extraordinary lack of pictorial achievement by the Jewish race that could make the work of Ephraim Mose Lilien seem worth celebrating as "The New Art of an Ancient People," as M. S. Levussove celebrates it in a thin volume published by B. W. Huebsch. It contains fourteen specimens of the skill of a black and white designer neither more nor less able than many others of the modern German school. A certain racial accent in subject and types, possibly even in imagination, marks the best of these designs, and at times they reach a weird power, but in general they are only not commonplace because the convention in which they are executed is not yet threadbare. When it has become so, it is doubtful if there will be found enough substance in the drawings to make them anything more than examples of a temporary fashion in book-illustration.

L. H. Holden's small gallery of Italian old masters, near Cleveland, O., is so little known to American students of art that a summary, illustrated account of its best pictures, by Mary Logan Berenson, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for January, deserves notice. Most of the collection was bought from the indefatigable but unfortunate collector, James Jackson Jarves. The Holden pictures number some fifty, the most interesting of which, as attributed by Mrs. Berenson, are an enthroned Madonna with Four Saints, by Lorenzo da San Severino—one of his loveliest works; a Nativity and an Adoration of the Shepherds, of Bramantino's school; a portrait of a man and wife, by G. B. Moroni; two heads by Justus of Ghent from the Urbino series, and finally a Madonna and Child ascribed to Leonardo, with an interesting background depicting the Castello at Milan. This ambitious attribution has been supported by Holman Hunt and Rio; Ambrogio de Predis is Mrs. Berenson's suggestion. In the same number of the *Rassegna*, A. Ratti notes the discovery of a new Petrarch portrait in the Ambrosiana. The tiny panel shows the heads of the Laureate and of Gian Galeazzo Visconti lightly drawn in. Both are much effaced, but time has treat-

ed the poet more kindly than the potentate. The work seems hardly contemporary, and the whole criticism of the panel remains to be undertaken. Meanwhile the miniature is artistically superior to all other likenesses of the recluse of Arquà.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington opens its first annual exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings to-day. The exhibition will continue till March 8. About four hundred canvases have been hung. The prize of \$1,000 offered by W. A. Clark of Montana and the Corcoran Gold Medal have been awarded to Willard L. Metcalf for his painting May Night. It is a moonlight picture of a colonial house, in front of which stands a blossoming horse chestnut tree. The Corcoran Silver Medal and the Charles C. Glover prize of \$500 go to Frank W. Benson for Against the Sky. It is a picture of a girl standing on a hill, her veil tossed in the breeze, her figure against a background of white clouds and blue sky. The Corcoran Bronze Medal and the V. G. Fischer prize of \$250 go to E. W. Redfield for Lowlands of the Delaware—a snow scene, with the sun shining through a group of trees. Among the other paintings are five by John Sargent. The principal one is his portrait group of the four surgeons of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Osler, Dr. Welch, Dr. Kelly, and Dr. Halstead. Irving Wiles is represented by two portraits. J. W. Alexander's The Butterfly, two canvases by J. Alden Weir, one a landscape and one an ideal head; Childe Hassam's June, Robert Henri's Spanish Dancer, five paintings by Cecilia Beaux, and three by William M. Chase are among the more notable contributions.

The annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York opened Sunday in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society. It will continue until February 23.

The American Society of Miniature Painters announces its eighth annual exhibition—April 6 to 30—at the gallery of Knoedler & Co. in this city.

The exhibition of the work of Alfred Stevens will open in April at Brussels. The Royal Society of Fine Arts and the Society of Contemporary Art have undertaken the joint management.

A fairly representative exhibition of the work of Ernest Lawson, who won the Seaman medal for the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy, will be open at the New York School of Art until February 9. On the same date an exhibition of water-colors by Walter Launt Palmer will close at Noé's gallery. Portraits by Wilhelm Funk are on exhibition until February 16 at Knoedler & Co.'s gallery. Among the portraits are those of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Richard Watson Gilder, and Gen. Horace Porter. Examples of wood engraving by Timothy Cole will be exhibited at the National Arts Club until February 20.

Conrado Ricci, chairman of the newly organized Central Commission of Antiquities and Fine Arts, has drawn up a scheme for the reform of the art schools of Italy. It is proposed to bring about a closer correlation of the arts, by having all students trained in the technic of painting, sculpture, and minor decoration. At the government schools of Rome and Milan, courses in the care and restoration of pictures will be given in the hope of stand-

ardizing the present unscientific and merely personal methods in vogue.

Science.

In March Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish Commander Peary's story of his Arctic expedition, under the title of "Nearest the Pole." There will be an introduction by President Roosevelt, and illustrations from the collection of 1,200 photographs taken by Commander Peary.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for January opens with a profusely illustrated review of the recent history of aerial locomotion by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. He believes that "the practicability of aerial flight by man is no longer problematical." He pays a high tribute to the late Professor Langley for placing the subject on a scientific basis and practically originating the art of aerodromics. A bibliography of the principal works and papers on the subject, furnished by the Smithsonian Institution, is appended. In the "New Inland Sea," Arthur P. Davis of the Reclamation Service describes the irrigation works on the Colorado River and the progress of the inundation of the Imperial Valley of California by the break of 1905. A relief map and reproductions of photographs give a graphic representation of the cutting work of the "New River." In a report of the proceedings at the presentation of the Hubbard Medal to Commander Peary are addresses by President Roosevelt and others and Dr. F. A. Cook's story of his ascent of Mount McKinley. There is also given Secretary Root's address before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress on South America.

In Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, number 11, Professor Woeikow of St. Petersburg contributes an interesting study of the distribution of the earth's population under the influence of natural causes and of human activity. It is accompanied by two colored charts, from which we learn that the only place south of the equator in which the density of the population is 150 to the square kilometre is the western half of Java. Dr. Thalbitzer gives an account of his linguistic and ethnographic investigations among the Eskimo of the east coast of Greenland, in which he says that he took 150 phonographic records of native ballads, children's songs, and stories. Among the other subjects treated are the lakes of the Salzkammergut in Austria, and a journey in Tripoli by Hanns Vischer.

The December number of the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde* of Berlin contains an interesting preliminary report by Dr. Hans Steffen of Santiago, Chili, a member of the Chilean commission on the great seismic movement which on August 16, 1906, overwhelmed Valparaíso. According to this report the destruction was confined in the main to the region of the coast Cordillera and the central longitudinal plateau comprised between lat. 31° 40' and 35° 30' S.—an area extending approximately 260 miles north and south. No serious destruction was noted beyond the Andean chain in Argentina, although the earth tremors penetrated as far as Buenos Ayres. A safe estimate places the number of killed in Valparaíso at not less than

3,000. Dr. Steffen, while admitting that the cause of the earthquake is still problematical, is inclined to classify it with the so-called tectonic earthquakes. It is significant, however, and with a direct bearing upon the question of the interrelationship of volcanic and seismic phenomena, that at the time of the Valparaíso disturbance the volcano of Chillan, in lat. $36^{\circ} 45' S.$, opened out a new crater, from which steam and ashes began to issue on August 16.

The ever-interesting problem of the rate of recession of the Niagara Falls forms the subject of Bulletin No. 306 of the United States Geological Survey (1907), prepared by G. K. Gilbert, whose work in this field is already well known to geologists. The results presented in this paper are elaborated from a study of the surveys of the crest-line of the river, made in 1842, 1875, 1886, 1890, and 1905, and of camera-lucida sketches made by Basil Hall in 1827. The conclusions reached by Mr. Gilbert are widely divergent from those that have been put forth in most works of geology, and suggest an interesting point in the physics of river erosion—the capacity of an overloaded stream or a stream of large volume to cut a course rapidly through hard rock and the inability of a smaller stream to effect what would appear its proportional amount of excavation. Thus, the Horseshoe Fall, which carries much water, has been receding (or lengthening the Niagara gorge) at an average rate during the last sixty-three years of somewhat more than five feet per annum, whereas the American Fall, which throws but a thin sheet of water over the brink, has been receding, during a period of seventy-eight years, at the average annual rate of less than three inches. In some parts of the American Fall absolutely no changes in contour can be detected in the period from 1855 to 1895. Mr. Gilbert makes no effort to use his data to determine the time required to cut the gorge for the six miles above Lewiston.

In the advance report, just issued, for the year 1906 of the chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, one of the most interesting problems is the reduction of the noxious rodents of the West, which work such havoc with the crops. It has been known for a long time that many of the small rodents are subject to epidemics. It was not until recent years that the nature of such epidemics and the possibility of utilizing the bacilli of disease for destroying animal pests have been appreciated. Such diseases appear often to be limited to particular species or to a group of closely related species, and hence are harmless to man and to domestic animals. The bacillus of a disease fatal to one of the above species was discovered some years ago by Prof. C. V. Piper and Dr. S. B. Nelson, then connected with the experiment station at Pullman, Washington; but the work was not completed, owing to lack of the necessary funds. The work has been taken up by the Biological Survey in coöperation with the State experiment station at Pullman, with every promise of successful results. "Confidence is felt that the discovery and isolation of the bacilli responsible for fatal diseases in the case of rabbits, prairie dogs, field mice, and other noxious rodents is entirely practicable."

Reports on late observations of terrestrial magnetism have been made by L. A. Bauer (inspector of magnetic work and chief of division of terrestrial magnetism, assistant, Coast and Geodetic Survey), and they appear as Appendices iii. and iv., 1906. Throughout the year, five magnetic observatories have been in constant operation—in Maryland, in Kansas, at Sitka, near Honolulu, and in Porto Rico. But observation is conducted in addition, in no less than forty-three States and Territories. From tables given the fact appears that the work of the year has been largely in those regions where magnetic data are most needed—west of the Mississippi, and in the Hawaiian Islands. From determinations of the three magnetic elements in many different localities, it has been possible to give a complete account, for the entire United States, of the secular change, and to map out the extent of the reversals noted in the report for last year. Observations at sea, already proved of value, have been continued on ships of the bureau (Commerce and Labor), chiefly the *Bache*, *Patterson*, and *Explorer*. In the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific Ocean, the three magnetic elements were determined at forty-seven different points. Accompanying appendix iv. are an isogonic chart, and secular change tables. So many reliable and well-distributed determinations of the magnetic elements have been made by the Survey within the past seven or eight years, that very accurate magnetic maps of the United States are now possible, and this chart is the first of a new series. The last one, published in 1902, was in such demand that a second edition was required very soon, now nearly exhausted in its turn; so that the new chart is especially welcome. It is made from accurate observations at 3,500 widely distributed points in the United States. Considering the area involved (over 3,000,000 square miles, nearly one-sixteenth of all the land surface of the world), we now possess the most complete magnetic survey of any country.

During the present year but one periodic comet is due to return. This one, discovered by Giacobini at Nice on December 20, 1900, was at that time very faint, with a small, nebulous disk, and no tail. Its elements, calculated by Professor Kreutz, give its period as about seven years. Toward the end, then, of 1907, we may expect to discern once more this cosmic visitor, which passed its perihelion about December 3, 1900.

The New York Academy of Sciences is planning to celebrate the bi-centenary of the birthday of Linnaeus, May 23.

The thirty-eighth general meeting of the German Anthropological Society will be held in Cologne in August, 1907. It is proposed that this meeting be constituted an International Congress, and the Cologne Anthropological Society has issued an invitation to persons interested in anthropology and archæology to attend the Congress. It is proposed to arrange a tour of two or three weeks in the Low Countries and France to take place after the Congress. A complete programme will be published soon.

Miss Agnes Mary Clerke, a scientific writer, died in London, January 20, at the age

of sixty-four. An "astronomical correspondent," writes to the *London Times*:

During the last century two ladies only were elected honorary members of the Royal Astronomical Society—Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville. The new century soon saw fresh honorary members elected, and among them Miss Agnes Clerke, whose last important work, "Problems in Astrophysics," was of such great scientific value that the Astronomical Society could no longer ignore her claims to public recognition by them.

She was born in Ireland in 1842, resided in Italy 1870 to 1877, and in 1877 began writing for the *Edinburgh Review*. She had travelled widely and had made observations at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope. Her list of published works includes: "A Popular History of Astronomy During the Nineteenth Century," 1885; "The System of the Stars," 1890; "Familiar Studies in Homer," 1892; "The Herschels and Modern Astronomy," 1895; "Problems in Astrophysics," 1903; "Modern Cosmogonies," 1906; and articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography." In 1893 she was awarded the Actonian prize of one hundred guineas for her works in astronomy. On July 26, 1906, the *Nation* published a note on the second and completely revised edition of her "System of the Stars." The *Nation* reviewer remarked that Miss Clerke thoroughly understood "the work of observatories, their problems, and their methods"; and that a "well-worn copy" of her "Problems of Astrophysics" would be found in every observatory. The correspondent of the *Times*, referred to above, sums up as follows her position as a writer and critic of astronomical research:

Her keen insight into the true significance of observed physical facts was as wonderful as her fluency and command of language, so that both from the literary and scientific standpoints she must be ranked as a great scientific writer.

The death of Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeléeff last Saturday at St. Petersburg removes the greatest of Russian chemists. Professor Mendeléeff was born at Tobolsk, Siberia, in 1834. At the age of twenty-two he was graduated at the University of St. Petersburg, where he remained as *privat-docent* for three years. He then went to Heidelberg, but returned to the Russian capital in 1861 as professor of chemistry at the Technological Institute, succeeding to the same chair at the university in 1864. His work was both practical and theoretical, and covered a wide field. But he will be remembered chiefly for his formulation of the Periodic Law, which had already been vaguely surmised by other scholars. He discovered that the atomic weight of the elements varies by definite proportions, corresponding to the variation in powers of combination. This theory, plainly valid for certain groups of the elements, has not yet been worked out through the whole system. It is, however, sufficiently practical to have led Mendeléeff, in 1871, to assert the existence of three elements, which were then unknown to experimental chemistry, but which were afterwards discovered and named gallium, scandium, and germanium. His "Principles of Chemistry," published in 1870, has been translated into a number of languages.

Dr. Émile Javal, the eminent specialist on the eye, has just died. Dr. Javal was himself blind for a number of years before

his death, and wrote a book which might be called a kind of *vade mecum* for the blind in the general conduct of life.

Finance.

Credit and Its Uses. By William A. Prendergast. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is the tenth volume in Appleton's Business Series, and is written by a "credit man" familiar with his subject in some of its practical bearings. Unfortunately, the author was not so well equipped to handle the theory of credit, and the result is a work serviceable at some points and altogether unsatisfactory at others.

Part I. deals with the functions and organization of credit. Mr. Prendergast considers it necessary to explain that credit is "one of the elements or branches of political economy" and to preface his volume with a brief disquisition upon the rise and progress of that science. He then assembles various extracts from common economic treatises, and, adding some desultory remarks of his own, offers the resulting mixture as a theory of credit. Incidentally he informs us that the Bank of Amsterdam was established during the Middle Ages (p. 7). The whole discussion should have been radically amended before publication, or should have been omitted. The author has more respect for economic science than familiarity with it, and might well have confined himself to his specialty.

Part II. treats of what Mr. Prendergast calls the "primary divisions of credit," viz., banking credit, capital credit, public credit, individual or personal credit, and commercial credit. The discussion of the last two divisions is reasonably satisfactory; the first three are very poorly handled. A competent "credit man" is not necessarily equipped to write upon banking, corporation securities, and public loans; and our author has not taken the task with sufficient seriousness. From either a theoretical or a practical standpoint, these three chapters are singularly barren, and it is hard to see how they can be of service to student, financier, or investor. That upon public credit, for instance, opens with the observations that the "different races of the earth are represented by many diverse forms of nationhood," that "high credit is indispensable in modern society," and that wherever "there is credit there is debt." It then offers some very general and commonplace considerations about public debts and expenditures, without treating a single topic incisively; and passes on to consider, almost at haphazard, bonds and treasury notes, President Cleveland's bond issues, and State and municipal indebtedness, with-

out giving the least evidence that the author has fairly grappled with his subject. A fair sample of the substance and style of this chapter is the following passage, which contains about all that is said concerning the debts of our American States:

The diversity of interests, agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and commercial, represented in the States imposes just as important considerations for the judgment of the statesman as do those of the Federal Government. The fact that in all matters of strictly local concern the State has a free hand under the Federal compact, makes the duty of each in advancing its own interests and maintaining its credit just as primal a necessity as if each State were an entirely independent principality and accountable to no one. The credit of the States has been subject to the same curses that have crept into other political organizations, and in some cases these abuses have taken the form of outright repudiation of obligations, from which the creditor is without relief. The national Government is a sovereign one; and in all matters where the Constitution does not define certain rights and duties as belonging exclusively to the Federal Government the sovereignty of the States has not been impaired. This rôle of sovereignty carries with it an element of danger to those who purchase the obligations of a nation or State so conditioned, for it means that they may be at any time repudiated. Venezuela has obligated itself to pay certain sums to England, France, Germany, and Italy, and the customs receipts have been mortgaged as security for the payment of the amounts awarded by the Hague Tribunal. But a war between many nations might bring about a condition of affairs whereby the effects of this decision would be entirely upset. Treaties between nations are binding until they are broken. . . .

How such a paragraph ever slipped by the editorial staff of a responsible publishing house, we find it hard to conjecture.

In Parts III. and IV. the author reaches topics with which he is reasonably familiar, and treats in a competent manner such subjects as credit departments, sources of information concerning the credit of individuals or companies, mercantile agencies, methods of analyzing and safeguarding credits, the credit man, collections, suspended accounts, and the like. He reinforces his discussion helpfully by reproducing copies of many of the forms and instruments employed in credit transactions, and this part of the volume is a convenient repository of information not readily obtainable elsewhere. Part V., in similar fashion, treats of bankruptcy, credit insurance, and various efforts to improve the organization and administration of credit. If the author had confined himself to these aspects of his subject, he would have served his readers well, and given no occasion for serious criticism.

The growth of commercial instruction has created an undoubted demand for books treating of practical business operations, and this opens a legitimate field for publishers' enterprise. Men of practical knowl-

edge are certainly needed for the work; but if they are to produce anything more than technical treatises confined to the narrow fields of their various specialties, they should take their tasks seriously and equip themselves properly for dealing with the broader aspects of their subjects. Your "mere theorist" sometimes makes sad work of practical affairs, but his worst performances are as nothing compared with the havoc that a practical "credit man" can work with a systematic treatise upon credit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute. Washington.
- Annual Report of the Light-House Board. Washington.
- Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. XX., Part 1. Philadelphia.
- Bacon's Essays. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
- Baldwin's Revolutionary Journal. Bangor, Me.
- Balzac's Pierrette. Edited by Theodora de Sélin-court. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
- Bancroft, Hubert H. Some Cities and San Francisco. The Bancroft Co.
- Beaumont and Fletcher Works. Edited by A. R. Waller. Vol. IV. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
- Bérard, Victor. La France et Guillaume II. Paris: Armand Colin.
- Cervantes, Miguel de. Don Quixote of the Mancha. Translated by Thomas Shelton. Vols. I. and II. Scribners.
- Cowley, Abraham. Essays, Plays and Sundry Verses. Edited by A. R. Waller. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
- Cunningham, W. The Wisdom of the Wise. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams. 60 cents.
- Davies, T. R. French Romanticism and the Press. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
- Davies, William Gilbert. Papers and Addresses. Robert Grier Cooke.
- Die Weltwirtschaft. I. Jahrgang 1906: III. Teil. Leipzig: E. G. Teubner.
- Dorsey, George A. The Pawnee Mythology (Part I). Washington: Carnegie Institute.
- Draught of the Blue. Translated by F. W. Bain. Putnams. \$1.50.
- Du Bose, Horace M. Life and Memories of Rev. J. D. Barbee. Nashville: Smith & Lamar. \$1.
- Dyboski, Roman. Tennyson's Sprache und Stil. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.
- Fletcher, S. W. Soils. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2 net.
- Fraser, W. A. The Lone Furrow. Appletons. \$1.50.
- Garmo, Charles de. Principles of Secondary Education. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Hamilton, John. Cosmos and Other Poems. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams. \$1.50 net.
- Hart, J. M. Standard English Speech. Henry Holt & Co.
- Maartens, Maarten. The Woman's Victory. Appleton. \$1.50.
- Mayer, Alfred (i. Rhythmical Pulsation in Seyphomeduse. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
- Morgan, G. Campbell. The Practice of Prayer. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.
- Mott, Lawrence. The White Darkness. Outing Publishing Co. \$1.50.
- Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vol. XI. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
- Noble, E. L. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
- Patterson, Charles Brodie. The Will to Be Well. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.20 net.
- Reports of the American Bar Association. 1906. Vol. XXIX., Part I. Philadelphia: Dando Printing and Publishing Co.
- Sanderson, Robert Louis. Through France and the French Syntax. Silver, Burdett & Co.
- Scollard, Clinton. Easter-Song. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning. \$1.25.
- Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. The Kinsman. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Starrett, Harry Halsey. The Science of Saving. Sun Almanac 1907. Baltimore: A. S. Abell Co.
- Thomas, William I. Sex and Society. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.
- Todd, Charles Burr. The History of Redding, Connecticut. The Grafton Press.
- Werder, Karl. The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Putnams.
- Whitney, James Pounder. The Reformation. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- Wilcox, Henry S. Frailties of the Jury. Chicago: Legal Literature Co.

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